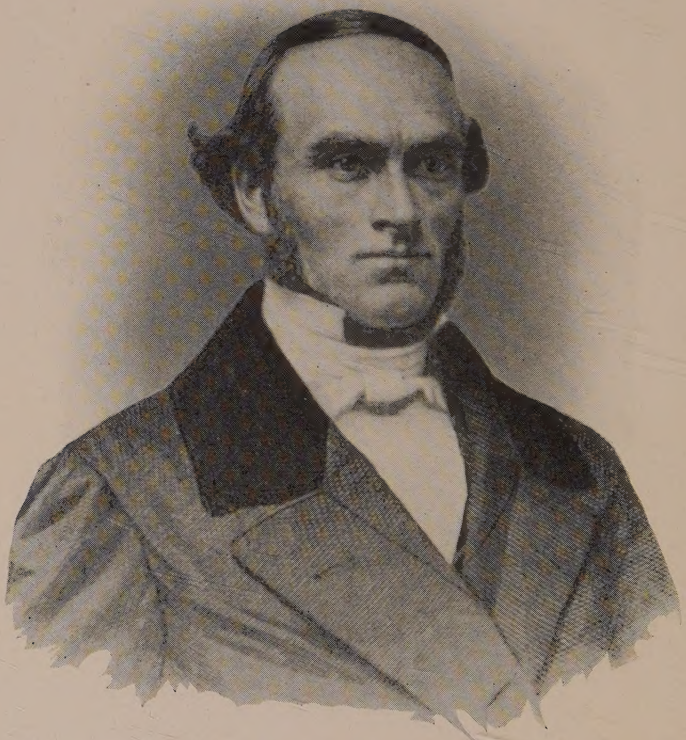
THE SOUL DIGGER

OR

LIFE AND TIMES OF WILLIAM TAYLOR

JOHN PAUL

M. Shupe.



WILLIAM TAYLOR IN 1856.

Probably the last picture taken without his patriarchal beard, which developed in 1857 to protect a sensitive throat in the cooler climate of the eastern states, after being used to California.

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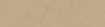
Or

Life and Times of William Taylor

By
JOHN PAUL
President of Taylor University



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INTRODUCTION

Born in Virginia, May 2, 1821. Died in California, May 18, 1902. These dates embrace the history of a man believed to have travelled the most miles and accomplished more in his line than any one else in the nineteenth century.

A man of whom this can be said, who defrayed his own expenses, who contributed service to all churches, and labored impartially for all races, deserves to be remembered. Five years of research on his life convinces us that history would lose some of its most instructive and inspiring pages if it lost William Taylor.

The rugged country boy, with broad toed boots, filled his place so full in the Virginia hills that they sent for him in Baltimore. Wanting a double decked stalwart to found the frame work of religion and righteousness in California, the church leaders sent him hence in 1849. A monumental work accomplished, providence brought him back to the old states and Canada seven years later for an evangelistic career of five years, which made a deep impression.

Coincident with the opening of the American Civil War he crossed to England enroute to Australia. He was detained in England for a piece of work that was unique and historic, after which

he journeyed on a survey of the borders of Turkey and Egypt and a study of Palestine. He passed on to Australia; and, for three years, he was the principal figure in that new world, founding a spiritual empire in which he will never be forgotten. By providences unforeseen he was borne onward to South Africa, where six months of evangelistic labor resulted in eight thousand conversions, and where, foregoing his own prejudices on the subject, he learned that he could preach through an interpreter without loss of efficiency. A city wide campaign in London followed, in the winter of 1866-67, where his name had become a household word among evangelicals. In the ensuing months he covered England and Ireland with his preaching missions. The next two years witnessed his attack upon spiritual darkness and sin in the British West Indies, which resulted in thousands of conversions and five thousand added to the church.

Touching Australia again, and Ceylon, with a fruitful visit of many months, he entered India in 1870, where, in four years he did one of the greatest works of his life. Another spiritual empire was founded. His orientation in pagan lands was remarkable, and his progressive achievements under divine blessing read like romance and miracle. When he came back to his native land to lay upon all hearts the interests of India, the appeal of South America's spiritual destitution and educational need touched his heart. After an unsuccessful effort to impart his viewpoint to the church leaders, he went out on his own responsibility and made a dramatic drive along the west coast of that continent. The results were so un-

usual that they stirred the heart of Christendom in North America and led to much of the best work that Christianity is now doing for South America.

A disagreement over policies of church work in foreign fields brought him more fully to the attention of the General Conference of 1884 in Philadelphia and he was elected "Bishop of Africa." Twelve wonderful years followed, in which he moved, on foot, a veritable giant, through the regions of Africa, leading a self sacrificing host of workers to preach the gospel and teach the Africans the industrial arts and the laws of health and happiness.

Slightly piqued but beautifully resigned at having to be superannuated in 1896, he doubled back upon the regions of South Africa in the scenes of his mighty revival of the sixties. He was received as a long lost father or a seraph from another world, and the results of his last drive for souls were quite as remarkable as any in all his life. There he wrote "The Flaming Torch in Darkest Africa," the last and one of the best of a series of books which were very true to life and which consequently sold into the multiplied thousands.

As he finished his last book and his last meeting, a symptom of palsy appeared in his right hand, and a voice seemed to tell him that his work was done. He returned to America, visisted relatives up and down the Seaboard, and then went back to join "Queen Anne" in his California home to await the sunset.

The writer of this volume assumed that a life sized picture of William Taylor and his views and

policies would be more profitable. He has tried therefore, to present in engaging style, the facts of history, without regard for compliments, adverse or favorable; and to emphasize what Taylor emphasized.

All of William Taylor's writings have been carefully reviewed, together with the writings of James M. Thoburn, Abel Stevens, G. F. Arms, and other briefer works, including the files of the religious press in America and England, as a help in writing this biography. We have had profitable interviews and correspondence with Bishop William F. Oldham, Dr. E. Stanley Jones, Dr. Waskom Pickett, Dr. W. S. Matthew, Dr. G. W. Mathews, Rev. A. W. Mell, Rev. Joseph H. Smith, Rev. A. E. Withey, Dr. Clarence True Wilson, Dr. Rockwell Clancy, and Mr. Edward K. Taylor, the surviving son of William Taylor.

The object of our volume is to fix the historic facts for future generations, and to introduce in true perspective a man whose unselfishness and intelligent zeal will stimulate the nobler aspirations of those who discover him. A by product of the volume, we dare to say, will be first class entertainment and spiritual uplift to the reader. As we combed the archives and learned of the amazing exertions, self denials and achievements of William Taylor's life, rejecting compensations that might have been his, finally to die poor, and denying himself the sweets of a home life that he seemed to love more than did the average man, the author's mind continually recalled the unintended compliment of the priests, when Jesus was dying: "He saved others, himself he cannot save."

JOHN PAUL

April, 1928.

PART I.

DISCOVERED

It was on a day in the end of September, 1848, an ordinary day, not designed to be eventful, that Bishop Beverly Waugh, with a heavy problem on his heart, sat in the office at the bookstore of Armstrong and Berry in the city of Baltimore, Maryland. He saw a brawny young pastor of twenty seven summers passing down the street, and, with no explanation, but with some show of excitement, requested Christian Keener, father of Bishop Keener, of the M. E. Church, South, to overtake the young preacher and call him back to the office. Puzzled at the nature of his own mission, Mr. Keener carried all the mystery and excitement in his errand, enhanced, perhaps, by the shortening of breath as he ran, till his voice sounded like an unnatural scream. The young man returned half fearful as he tried in vain to think of some grievance he might have perpetrated against the authorities of the church.

It was a call to be one of the two men to found in California a movement of the Gospel according to Methodism which would grow with the empire that was already visible in outline to the anointed seers of the Wesleyan clan.

The young man receiving the call was William Taylor, then a modest member of the Baltimore Conference, rapidly rising to an unsought prominence. He was a junior pastor of the great North Baltimore Station, which had eighteen hundred members. William Taylor, seldom seen on the floor in debate, never taking the initiative of familiarity with ranking ministers, rarely appearing at festive or fashionable events, but well known for his open air preaching at Bellaire market, for his straightforward gospel messages in the church, uncompromising but free from offensive methods, and for his incessant, unquenchable zeal for the conversion of sinners and the edifying of believers, in season and out of season. Was this call a pious, practical scheme to get rid of him? Had some unseen agencies objected to his recently acquired zeal in emphasizing the higher attainment in holiness? Was his insurgent but successful effort to win souls an occasion to fear that he would break up regularity and hurt the cause in this old center of society? There is no evidence at this date that any such objections

existed. His methods were generally tolerated and widely approved. There was a breeziness, an unveneered frankness and an innate kindness about him that made for popularity. He was loved by all the people he served, and was plainly in the line of promotion. Two and a half years before, the big city had asserted its priority and claimed him from the Virginia hills, his native haunts, that held all the romances of his heart, and where as a prophet in his own country he had defied the usual rule and won signal success as a soul winner, and where his departure was lamented as if they had lost the chariots and horsemen of Israel. No, William Taylor was not sent to California to get rid of him. Bishop Waugh found in him a willing apostle; but his senior pastor, his presiding elder, and the people he served, projected all the opposition they could as consecrated Methodists, and blocked his call as an injustice to the work in Baltimore till the close of the Conference year, six months later.

The call was a distinct honor, an acknowledgement of real worth. California, needing two leaders, was one of the church's most important embassies in that day. Rev. Isaac Owen of the Indiana Conference had been selected. Rev. Henry Benson, professor of Greek in Indiana Asbury College, now DePauw University, had been con-

sidered, but, to have the Eastern section of the church represented, Taylor was preferred. It will be remembered that in that day Indiana was "the West."

The Taylor Inheritance

William Taylor was a son of Stuart Taylor, born May 2, 1821. His service as a circuit rider was rendered in Stuart Taylor's world. Much of his popularity at first was borrowed from the luster of his father, who, as a local preacher in those Virginia hills, was looked upon as a glorious man. William was the firstborn of eleven children; five sons and six daughters. Special importance was attached to his father's ancestors in presenting the family tree. They were the Taylors and Pauls, all Scotch-Irish, coming over from Ireland about the middle of the eighteenth century, and all revolutionary stock. Some died in the war of the colonies for political freedom. The old Taylors were slave holders from early times and showed no conscience in the matter. The Pauls, by temperament and training, were against slavery from the beginning. Special mention is made of Audley Paul, who was a friend of George Washington and an officer of the same rank with him in the army before the break with Great Britain. A mighty man was he, and the sword he carried

through the war of independence hung in the Taylor home when William grew up. The Pauls indoctrinated the rising generation of Taylors against slavery so that in the early days of William, for a Taylor to inherit a slave meant for the slave to go free. The Hickmans, of English extraction, an ingenious and practical people, made their contribution to William Taylor. His mother was a Hickman.

Logically, the Taylors belonged to the Presbyterians. They were old covenanter stock. When Stuart Taylor, William's father, married, he began life by joining the Presbyterian Church, with which he continued, having a form of godliness, for thirteen years. The Presbyterians in their section were failing to emphasize the new birth, as Methodists fail to do sometimes, in these days. The account of Stuart Taylor's conversion is an interesting sidelight upon the type of men who served in the Methodist ministry in those days; men whose words struck fire from the rocks; men whose sermons left barbed arrows of conviction in the breasts of their hearers for weeks and months after the sermons were preached. Such was Andrew Davidson, the first Methodist preacher the Taylors heard. Such was Joseph Spriggs, whom William Taylor in his own chronicles calls a "Gospel sharpshooter." Stuart Taylor

heard him when William was about eleven years old; dropped in, in passing, to hear him through curiosity and the sword of the Spirit made an incurable wound in Stuart Taylor's breast. Of his terrific experience his son writes a description: "For two weeks father's mind seemed to be in an utterly bewildered state, and he was in such agony of soul he could scarcely take food sufficient to sustain life. Under the pretense of 'going a-hunting' he spent much of his time in the mountains, gun in hand, when he scarcely thought of shooting anything but himself, seriously contemplating suicide. I went with him on his hunt one day, and he spent most of his time at the root of a large chestnut tree, with his face in his hands, groaning and weeping. He only needed some Philip to lead him to Jesus." Two weeks later in a Methodist camp meeting at Cold Sulphur Springs where he had stolen in, half frightened and half ashamed, he went to an altar of prayer, and, with flowing tears cried, "God have mercy on me a poor sinner! O God, for Christ's sake, have mercy on me a poor sinner!" "In fifteen minutes," says his son's account, "To use his own expression, he piled up his short prayers till they reached heaven and God responded, Son, thy sins are all forgiven thee." It seemed to him in his joy that he heard

the angels sing. He became a shouting Methodist in practice, but resolved for apparent good reasons to remain in his own church and help them to the knowledge of God. But they called him crazy and said he had scandalized himself and his church; so, a few weeks later, he thought best to unite with the Methodists, which he did, with his wife and his son William.

Being naturally a leader of men, and having a conversion so much like that of Saul in its supernaturalness, Stuart Taylor was soon ready for license to preach. He was later ordained in the local ranks and for forty years he was a much sought man, far and near, for special appointments and revival meetings. He was one of the most effective men William could employ in his circuit pastorates. He was one of those rare geniuses that you could not pay for preaching. He had been reasonably prosperous and had enough to live on, and his chief reward was the joy of seeing sinners saved. One is inclined to think that early impressions derived from this happy, prayerful, sweet singing preacher Stuart Taylor produced impressions that contributed to the manly attitude of William Taylor in matters of finance, his freedom from any tendency to commercialize the Gospel, and his valuable idea of self support in missionary work.

The value of heredity and early environment is interesting as a means of accounting for the striking characteristics of a great life. It is instructive, though it soon becomes speculative. It is not within the province of psychology or any other science to account for the marvels in the life of William Taylor. The writer of this volume hesitates with a sense of unfitness. No annalist is fit to undertake an exposition of this theme except he believe in the supernatural and have some confidence in the validity of those experiences of grace which are ascribed to the direct operation of the Spirit of God.

Licensed In Troublous Times

Immediately after William Taylor became clear in his religious experience, August, 1841, he gave evidence of gifts for the ministry. He was not aware of this, though he had sensed an inner call; but his discerning pastor was aware of it and convoked the church conference to give him an exhorter's license. The day of this event the young man got a scare similar to the one described in the opening of this chapter; for the pastor sent him out of the church that they might consider him in open meeting, and he hurried home, puzzled to know why they did not wish him to meet the class. "Soon after," he writes, "Broth-

er Enos presented me with a license to exhort, written in beautiful German letters by Sister Enos, a lady of high culture, and signed by the plain hand of the preacher in charge. I was led on so fast that my license to exhort never came up for renewal."

Before another year had passed, the Presiding Elder had discovered him, when as a young school teacher he had walked fifteen miles with a friend to enjoy some services at a camp meeting in Botetourt County, Virginia. Shy, and unwilling to believe that he could preach, he listened to the affectionate words of Presiding Elder N. J. B. Morgan, convincing him of God's call and persuading him to become junior preacher on Monroe Circuit under Rev. Francis A. Harding. Two historic names have here been called. The church might well preserve the memory of Morgan, the man under God directly instrumental for launching the ministerial ship of our world apostle. "He was a tall, commanding, fine looking man, a pulpit Boanerges in his day," said Taylor, "a general in administration, and could not be satisfied with less than two thousand converts per year on his district." Preachers like this beget preachers; and where this type is placed at the head of districts and in the Episcopal office we may always assume that the order of divine providence has

been duly consulted. Morgan called young Taylor to his tent, stroked his hair softly, drew him near to his heart and told him his appointment was ready. "God has called you to preach," continued the elder, "and I know you can do it; and God will bless you and give you success."

The other historic character in this account, Mr. Harding, has a less desirable role. It will be remembered that we are now only two years earlier than that dark May of 1844 when American Methodism divided over the issue of slavery. At this time the conferences in anti-slavery regions were requiring ministers to keep free from slaveholding as a condition of acceptability. Indeed it was a law of the church that Methodists should free their slaves in those states where civil law permitted; but civil law in Maryland did not permit it; and Mr. Harding, who had slaves, resting his rights on the law, appealed to the General Conference of 1844 when the Baltimore Conference suspended him for refusing to manumit his slaves. His case occasioned four days of debate in the early part of the General Conference, and the action of the Baltimore Conference was approved. The news brought distress to the South and was received exultantly in the North and East. The case of Bishop James O. Andrew of Georgia, which was the releasing cause of the division of Methodism,

came up later and was almost an exact parallel of Harding's case in the assumed ground of his inability to manumit his slaves. Even William Taylor, a little later, through marriage to his boyhood sweetheart, came into possession of slaves; but he took time by the foretop and assured the Conference that as soon as the orphaned heirs with his wife-to-be should become of age so they could sign away their legal right in the slaves he would free his part of them, and, in the meantime, he and his lady would do their best to school the younger heirs into their view of the subject. He was successful. He had the same legal disability of Mr. Harding and Bishop Andrew; but due to his personal convictions on the subject he was more successful in finding a way around it. After he went to California, the youngest sister of his wife, on the night of her marriage, completed the deed of manumission; and William Taylor's father, with one thousand dollars furnished him by his California son, engaged passage for all the ex-slaves and sent them to Liberia, making sure that the bird uncaged would not be caged again.

The End Of Private Life

Taylor did not go to Monroe Circuit with Mr. Harding. A minor circumstance occasioned a change in the plan; and his first appointment

as a preacher was junior on Franklin Circuit, to be preceded by supplying one sermon at each appointment, involving four weeks' work, on his home circuit, Lexington. The scene of his departure for Franklin Circuit, the beginning of his itinerant ministerial career, was quite affecting as he kissed his father, mother, brothers and sisters farewell, to be with them but little thereafter on earth. It was the more significant because of the ardent natural affection in the family. He was twenty-one years and five months old. It could scarcely be realized that here was the beginning of a magic ministry of sixty years, second to none in its efficiency; the most dramatic, the most powerful in its appeal to the imagination, of any in his generation. Sixty years, without taking time to lie in with so much as a headache or a bilious attack. He records that he did once pay toll out of his time in a two weeks spell of measles. He was lean from indigestion in early life; but this seemed to contribute to the early formation of austere habits which reacted in a proverbial hardiness, and may have been a means of grace in keeping him from the halls of feasting and from burning the midnight candle. Simple food and simple habits prepared him to be at home anywhere on earth; and all who knew him enjoyed this most obvious characteristic of the man.

Taylor admired Cromwell's command to the artist who made his photograph, that he should be sure to make "warts and all." Accordingly, we are free to quote the following disinterested but friendly view of him on his first circuit. The brother who wrote the view was a Methodist, and, as will appear, was a maker of men's clothing. We quote: "He is muscular and bony, tall and slender, with an immense pair of shoulders on him. Being a tailor by trade, I may be allowed to say that the man who cut his coat ought to be sent to the penitentiary and put to hard labor till he learns his business; and as for pants, all I have to say is that the widest-toed boots I ever saw were stuck about six inches too far through. The young man is awfully in earnest, and preaches with power, both human and divine, and can sing just as loud as he likes."

Five months on Franklin Circuit, admission to Conference on trial, one year as junior on the Deerfield Circuit, one year as junior on Fincastle Circuit, admission to full connection in Conference, one year in full charge of Sweet Springs Circuit. This, in a nut shell, is the history of William Taylor the circuit rider. The year he was admitted to full connection, 1845, the Presiding Elder of the district closed his speech of recommendation for Taylor by saying, "He is a young

man whom the sun never finds in bed." Bishop Soule, who took the Southern view of the episcopacy and transferred to that branch of the church when their 1846 General Conference agreed to receive him, presided that year and made the following prophecy regarding Taylor when the Presiding Elder sat down: "Mark my words, brethren, you will hear from that young man again." Taylor held revivals and got people converted on each of his circuits. In some instances he was remarkably used of God. The making of the Sweet Springs Circuit was his first outstanding achievement. The church had virtually nothing in that circuit; and out of converts from the raw material, men and women of the world, Taylor won a constituency of flaming disciples and left a well organized circuit, able to support a preacher and his wife the ensuing year. It was during that year, through the influence of "a New England schoolmarm" circulating "The Guide to Holiness", that Taylor was incited to seek and obtain the fullness of the blessing of the Gospel.

Educational Rating

The selection of William Taylor in preference to an evangelistic professor in Asbury brings us to the subject of his education, which may as well be considered now. He had just completed the

itinerant's course of study, which then included some philosophy, a little descriptive science, the essentials of history, an advanced course in rhetoric, and all that is salient in theological and Biblical training. With what assistance Taylor could get from the common schools of his childhood and the books that came his way, he reached his majority with fair attainment in the rudiments of education. William Taylor grew up under conditions similar but somewhat in advance of those surrounding Abraham Lincoln, who, just a little ahead of him, acquired the sinews of a university education by torchlight; and the evidence is that Taylor improved his time about as diligently as did Lincoln. A year or two prior to his blooming out as a boy preacher he was regarded as one of the best trained men of his rural section and was induced to teach a session of school. Men who know how to master books within limited time will recognize that Taylor knew how to study when they read from his own account the use of his time on a two hundred and seventy mile horse back ride from "Sweet Springs Circuit" to Baltimore at the close of his career as a circuit rider. He says: "Having written in a book which I carried in my pocket a synopsis of the books in the course of study on which I was to be examined at the Conference, I redeemed the

time of traveling by carefully reviewing what I had written so tnat without the burden of the books I had the gist of their contents in my pocket and in my memory, ready for use on short notice. As a school boy my ambition to 'stand head' in the spelling classes led me to study my lessons well. So, combined with a thirst for useful knowledge, my ambition to excel in my examinations was very much like that of my boyhood." It followed that his examinations showed as high grade as those of graduates at his side from Dickinson College, and it appears that he easily took rank with the college men of his years then and at every subsequent stage in his life. In his latter years the nomenclature of logic and philosophy seemed as easy to him as newspaper rhetoric. The products of his own pen still extant, some of which have been photographed, show a technique in composition and an accuracy in spelling and arrangement that we mighty greatly covet for the youth who are annually carrying baccalaureate sheepskins away from our colleges. He was a master of apt and powerful phrases. His somewhat voluminous writings show a freedom from scientific blunders that in our judgment cannot be claimed for much of the modern university scholarship. Evidently, while he was not a language scholar, he was a born linguist. Though his

preaching to people of other tongues was through interpreters he could take care of himself in many languages and dialects.

His interest in higher education, to his dying day, was very definite, and the colleges and universities loved to receive the benefit of his apostolic wisdom. In later life he had a distinct higher educational interest at Taylor University, Upland, Indiana, a school previously known as Fort Wayne Methodist Episcopal College, but which, under the presidency of Dr. Thaddeus C. Reade, was rededicated as Taylor University in 1890, and, with William Taylor's personal cooperation, was moved to Upland, Indiana, in 1893. The cornerstone of the Administration Building still in use was laid by William Taylor. The institution lay close to his heart, and was in his prayers, as he said, "three times a day," till the last day of his life. The institution caught his spirit of world evangelism and his peculiar emphasis upon personal religious experience, which, combined with the latest in collegiate training, serve to produce an atmosphere which is rather unusual for our time. By the notable providences thus surrounding it, ascribed by many to the prayers of William Taylor and his kind, the school maintains its distinctiveness; though, like its namesake, it is free from intolerance and Phariseeism.

First City Experience

The announcement that Taylor would be promoted from a country circuit to a city station came to him before he left for Conference. He always claimed not to care "a feather" where they sent him, and never once tried to influence an appointment in his own favor. When told of this proposed transfer of his labors he replied with characteristic loyalty: "I will accept any appointment the Lord shall be pleased to give by the appointing authorities of the Church. I ask no favors and shirk no responsibilities in the line of my duty as a Methodist preacher. I fear it would be impossible for me to meet your expectations in efficient service on such a station. You know I am but a poor country-born, green mountaineer, and would cut a poor figure among your stylish city folks." The final farewell, the farewell forever, to his little circuit peoples, "humble, sincere, loved and beloved", was marked with weeping like that among the elders of Ephesus who had an intuition that they should see the apostle's face no more. It had been a short life of three years, a little shorter in time than the Master's ministry in Palestine; but new worlds had come into being for individuals, and heaven and eternity will be required to finish the story.

Two years was then the pastoral time limit. He spent the first two of his three years as a

station preacher in Georgetown, near to the city of Baltimore. There, began his first stated open air work which associates so closely with the memory of his ministry. His heart went out to the unchurched masses that surged through the Georgetown Market. "As a fisher of men," he said, "I felt it my duty to look out for the shifting shoals of fish, and cast my Gospel net wherever I saw a chance for a good haul." He began his first Sunday afternoon service in the Market, standing virtually alone and singing an old Gospel hymn with that large musical volume of which his voice was capable, till a crowd of people of every size and shape and grade gathered around him. Then he preached with conscious unction and blessing from God. The manifestation of God's pleasure never failed in those services. He seldom missed his Market appointment when weather permitted, but when he foresaw that he would miss he announced it in advance to the expectant constituency of publicans and sinners who had become interested in the word of life which he spoke. The more regular church people may have questioned in their minds the value of this kind of publicity for their cause; but they knew their junior preacher had a conviction growing out of a genuine burden for souls; and, while he was modest and free from bombast, they knew there was no use to try to deter him from any

course that grew out of an inner conviction.

Congeniality was William Taylor's middle name. Never once did he have a collision with the preacher in charge while he was a junior preacher. Collision might have been possible if he had chanced to labor under some domineering, self-centered autocrat, or else he would have slipped away meekly to other fields; for his individuality was not to be effaced or his convictions annulled. But providentially, all his superiors in his early ministry were beautiful saints and ministerial princes. At least they looked that way to him, so innate was his spirit of reverence for others, so small his own egotism, and so ready was he to appraise and appreciate people. It is no reflection to say, moreover, that Taylor was a born diplomat. It cropped out ever and anon throughout his eventful life and often saved the day. An illustration occurred at the Conference that received him into full connection, when he was twenty-three years old. Under an unwritten law of the Conference it would be two more years before he and the preachers in his class could marry. An exacting old brother wanted each candidate to answer a question as to whether he was engaged, before he should cast his vote. Most of them said yes. Taylor said: "I have confirmed no such engagement and shall not consummate any such till I have served four years a single

man." He was afterward informed that a good deal of talk was elicited by the ambiguity of his reply!

One elderly brother was afraid William would get a bad start in his city appointment because his new clothes made in the mountains did not fit; but failed to get the young preacher to invest in a tailor made suit fitted under his guidance, on account of the expense being out of proportion with his allowance. Besides, as he expressed it in the reflection of his riper years, he did not wish to predicate his standing in his new station on his outward adornment so much as by inward endowment and induement and the favor with the people which the Lord might be pleased to give him.

At The Top Of The World

Despite his aversion for and absence from social functions, it took Taylor only one year to become assimilated in his social environment so that he could shine as much as it was necessary for him to shine. In the middle of the second year of the Georgetown work the preacher in charge lost his health and had to move to the South. Taylor became head pastor, with responsibility for two men's work on his shoulders. Of course he could not be in two places at once, but he had to become a mixer in Washington, D.C., to find men from Sabbath to Sabbath whom he

could use in his responsible preaching places. Sometimes he would find a chance to use "an eloquent beggar from the West" who then came frequently to the more affluent East to solicit aid for the erection of churches or the development of colleges. In one respect this last half year in charge of Georgetown was a high point in Taylor's life, completing a very nearly unimprovable variety of experiences through which he passed between the sunrise and sunset of his romantic life-day. Always, a good many prominent preachers have come to the capital for rest or study, and some efficient pulpit men have been elected to the Senate or the House. Taylor's job was to hunt them out and put them to work. Incidentally he had opportunity to visit the national legislature and study its proceedings. Listening to the eloquence of Daniel Webster and Henry Clay before the United States Supreme Court are among the rare experiences he was able to record. Such was the regard for the emerging mountaineer that he was introduced personally to James K. Polk, President of the United States, and to Mrs. Polk. Indeed they attended a church service in one of the city churches and heard William Taylor preach.

At the end of the two-year term in the Georgetown Station many doors were open to William

WILLIAM TAYLOR IN 1896

This portrait, a painting of which hangs above the Chapel platform in Taylor University, was made in New York between his superannuation and his last campaign, in South Africa.

Taylor in and around Baltimore and Washington; but an influential layman induced the local committee during the Conference to have him preach in Monument Street Church, with the secret purpose of deciding whether he was the man they wanted for the important junior preacher of North Baltimore Station. Without knowing that he was preaching a trial sermon, Taylor won the verdict; and this interesting circumstance marks his transfer to the work he was serving when, by incidents now lost from record, Bishop Waugh's attention was drawn to him as the man to exalt the cross at America's Golden Gate. His zeal did not abate in this appointment. He started a Saturday night holiness meeting in Monument Street Church, established a lively open air meeting at Bellaire Market which reached and saved numbers of non church goers and brought them into the church, moved out some into the camp meetings, and otherwise invested his margin of surplus energy in labors supplemental to the work assigned him, witnessing perhaps the greatest outer demonstrations under his preaching that he had hitherto witnessed; although he measured the results of his ministry by its lasting power in the lives of his converts more than in the striking phenomena that might attend the services. Thus we find him,

when providence orders the events which were designed to begin the second great chapter of his life.

PART II.

FOLLOWING THE SUN

Unheralded as Elijah, there landed in the streets of New York City a well chastened preacher with dramatic personality, near the close of the year 1856. Supplementing nature's rugged endowment, he had unconsciously acquired a movement and style that appealed graphically to the imagination of the masses. His attitude on questions pertaining to sin and salvation was stated with such directness and illustrated with such dynamic similitudes that a contemporary classed him as a "Boanerges". It must be admitted that he was a sensational preacher. He came by it honestly; he was William Taylor, after seven years of history-making ministry in California; and no preacher could have held his audiences and survived the shocks on the western coast unless potential thunder and lightning had been in his nature at first and had appeared in due season to match a tragic landscape for which

history has scarcely shown an equal. The rise and fall of the gold excitement, a cycle of seven years, with its colliding multitudes from all nations, a law unto themselves, had made California for the time the most interesting spot on the surface of the earth; and a man who had seen it and could speak interestingly and with authority could get the largest audience. This was more notably true in the centers westward from the Seaboard.

Taylor had arrived at the behest of a providence that it will be interesting to analyze, to enter a term of evangelistic service in the East, the Middle West, and Canada. It was one of those irresistible turns of a mysterious driving wheel so potent to the last in hurling him ever and anon to new scenes of conquest for the King. It was least in all his designs ever to be an "apostle to the world". God had sent representatives of the whole world to wait upon Taylor's ministry in California, and we may easily believe that his modest purpose had been to serve and die in California, sending his love to every shore by the thousands of seamen and wayfarers who were blessed under his ministry.

The St. Patrick of California

In seven years he had become "California Taylor". He was to be that under every sky till final-

ly, too feeble for marching, he should rest a while in his beloved land of adoption and then board the celestial ship from the golden coast to the golden streets. More than any Californian will ever realize, William Taylor's love and prayers and homespun philanthropy, together with his fiery preaching and disinterested statesmanship, are built into the essential pillars of the commonwealth. Subtract William Taylor's life and influence from California and vast chapters would be missing from the proudest part of its history; nor can we believe that the California of today would be as well off as it is.

When he entered California's metropolis as the first Methodist pastor appointed in the State, in 1849, probably nine out of every ten white men in the state were there for gold or adventure and intended to leave within two years. It was believed that when the mining resources were exhausted, which would require only a few years, the country would be a barren, worthless desert. "But few persons, even after a sojourn of two years there, could believe that California soil would produce grain or vegetables without irrigation." When Taylor left Maryland "the prevailing idea among the people generally seemed to be that California was a small peninsula on the Pacific coast, a place of but little importance

* * * that everybody lived in San Francisco and worked in the mines nearby". The few ex-farmers from the East who, tired of the more exciting pursuits, decided to try farming, had to do so at the risk of losing their investments and being called crazy; but within two years it was found that they were in a wonderland, a miracle world. William Taylor was one of the first to react to the discovery and tell the world some of the unbelievable things about California. The famous California yarn, most of which is true, though told at the risk of the reporter's reputation, had its first proponent in William Taylor. Here is a sample which he quotes with approval and to which in large part he claims to be a witness: "Some rare specimens of vegetables and fruit were exhibited at the State Agricultural Fair of 1856. I saw them myself, and have no doubt as to the correctness of the published statements in regard to them. There were exhibited two pumpkins from Sacramento, weighing two hundred and ten, and two hundred and forty pounds. Those were 'some punkins,' were they not.

"A beet, grown by Colonel Hall, of Sacramento City weighing seventy-three pounds; a carrot, weighing ten pounds, measuring one foot eight inches in circumference, and three feet and three inches in length. There were fifty in the same bed

of equal size. The seeds were sown on June 25th and the carrots dug September 20th. A tomato, seventeen inches in circumference; a squash weighing one hundred and forty-one pounds; an onion, weighing two pounds and fifteen ounces, and measuring twenty inches in circumference; a cornstalk, twenty-one feet and nine inches in height; watermelons, from near Nevada, twenty-seven gave an aggregate of five hundred and fifty pounds; a sweet potato from San Jose, weighing eleven pounds and two ounces; an Irish potato, from Bodega, weighing seven and a quarter pounds; a bunch of potatoes, of the Oregon red variety, from a single eye, weighing ten pounds.

"Grapes, several bunches, weighing over four pounds each; a citron lemon, sixteen and a half by eighteen and three quarters inches in circumference, weighing two pounds and fourteen ounces, from Los Angeles; fig-tree, a slip one foot in length, and five eighths of an inch in thickness, was planted April 1st, and in the month of September following was eleven feet and six inches high, and nine and a quarter inches in circumference at the base, with a corresponding growth of branches; peach-trees, in twenty-eight months from the planting of the seed, bore fruit over nine inches in circumference, and weighing from seven to eight and a half ounces; there were thirty-four

of these large peaches on one tree; an apple, measuring fifteen and one third inches in circumference each way, weighing twenty-three cunces, grown in the Yamhill Orchard."

We may add that in the first six years of California's history as a State it produced all these prodigies—and William Taylor. He was a magnificent six foot plant when he went there, with a heart as clean as the ocean beach and a mind as clear as the climate of Shasta; but he knew only the innocent hills of Virginia and the conservative lanes of Baltimore. He met or made enough resistance to wreck an ordinary man; in the desperate intents of his pitying heart to help stranded humanity he handled enough plague and cholera and tuberculosis and vermin to kill a whole conference of mollycoddles; he performed physical tasks that would break the constitution of an average man; he verified the theory that a land of Satan's greatest power is where the tallest saints are grown. He finished his crucial term of service and landed with his family in New York, on his first visit to that city, in the tail of the world's greatest financial panic. He weighed two hundred and eight pounds with no superfluous flesh; his eye as clear as an eagle's, with spirit undaunted, with a Christian testimony and an evangelistic message so uniquely flavored that his

ministry became an object of sensational interest wherever he appeared.

He must have had an interest in California as one who shared its birth pangs and nursed it through the threatening shades. He sometimes described its sins as only a prophet can; and then, changing his tone, he would become eloquent with words of extenuation and pity and prophecy and hope, as would a mother in reference to her dissipated wayward boy. He was observant when it was admitted to the Union. He helped contend for its first public hospital. In the fifties of his century California was a great place to go crazy. He bared his big shoulders to the burdens of the unfortunate, and was first to contend for its first asylum for the insane. He was the first chaplain of the United States Marine Hospital and got one of its main carpenters converted while he was finishing the top story. He and his associates were much concerned as they witnessed the making of the State's constitution. He was interested in the systematic arrangement of Indian affairs. He boosted for the new University of the Pacific. He fought grafters and sharks in high places and low at the San Francisco harbor, defending the seamen who were so sinned against in his day. He was never officious, never wanting to hold office or preside over anything, never seek-

ing his own, but always that of another. He records in his book "California Life Illustrated" the growth of order out of chaos, the making of a commonwealth, the rise of an agricultural Eden and a commercial empire which perhaps was never duplicated or even approached in human history within so small a compass of time.

William Taylor later gave the valuable Eucalyptus tree to California, of which in his old days he modestly remarks, "That pound of seed (which he sent from Australia to a horticultural friend) with what Mrs. Taylor planted before, has filled the country with the most beautiful ornamental trees in it, so that I have there more monuments to my memory than any man in California, though but few persons know how the Eucalyptus got a start in California."

The First Ocean Voyage.

When Bishop Waugh asked William Taylor to leave his pastorate in Baltimore and go to California his young wife was in delicate health. They had one child and an orphan sister of Mrs. Taylor in their family. Taylor's reply to the call was loyal, but the good bishop would not let him give final answer till he should consult his wife. Here is his account of the interview with his wife: "So I went to our parsonage. Anne met me at the

door, and I said, 'Bishop Waugh wants to send us as missionaries to California. What do you think of that?' She made no reply then, but ran upstairs to her room, and in a few minutes, while I still remained standing on my feet, she came running down the stairs smiling, and said, 'Yes, I'll go with you to California.' "

"How did you settle the question so quickly?"

"I went upstairs and kneeled down and said, 'Lord, Bishop Waugh wants to send us to California. Thou knowest, Lord, that I don't want to go, and can see no possible way of getting there; but all things are possible with thee, and if it is thy will to send us to California, give me the desire to go.' In a second or two he filled and thrilled my whole being with a desire to go to California." The question was settled.

Taylor was a dreamer. As a dream had prepared his mind for the call to the ministry, a dream shortly prior to the California call had prepared his mind for a call to the mission field; and, since he had told his dream to the influential chairman of his official Board, there was less reluctance to release him for the new field. In later life he reasoned that because God intended to send him among simple hearted heathen to whom God had not the higher means of approach in the Bible and Gospel, his dream experiences made for sim-

plicity in his own spiritual thought-process and enabled him to appreciate God's way of meeting the various peoples of the world upon their own planes.

Taylor and his little family sailed for California by way of Cape Horn, in a large sailing ship. "California was then so far away," he records, "and transit so difficult and so expensive, that in accepting an appointment as missionaries to those remote ends of the earth we never thought that we should again see Baltimore or our friends in the East this side of the resurrection of the dead." For this sailing, contrary to his later custom, he had first-class passage. The Andalusia on which they sailed, though not the fastest, was a one-thousand ton boat, superior for those days. They got away about the middle of April, taking the first available reservation at a time when all means of transportation to California were crowded. They seem to have been a bit exasperated that they could not start earlier, for Mrs. Taylor's sake. Their second babe, called "Oceana", a maid without a country, was born off Cape Horn on June 3, 1849; a little one that was to brighten their lives for only fourteen months.

Entering the Golden Gate.

They spent five months on the sea, and had to

meditate three days in detention on the bosom of San Francisco harbor, before their feet touched land again after they left Baltimore. Indeed they saw land only once.

In company with Captain Wilson, the master of his ship, William Taylor set foot for the first time on California soil, Saturday, September 22, 1849. San Francisco was a city of tents, with a few wooden houses, the majority being built from the material of goods boxes. He was to witness, soon after, the construction of the first brick building in the city, a four story residence on the corner of Washington and Powell Streets, built by a Mr. Troubody, the first Methodist that Taylor succeeded in finding, who became his life long friend. There were three or four single story Spanish houses, "adobe", made from sun dried clay. The population was twenty thousand men and ten women! We are not told whether that included Mrs. Taylor and her little sister and Oceana. There was not a pier nor a wharf in the harbor.

The Baptist, Congregational, Presbyterian and Episcopalian pastorates all beat the Methodists a few weeks in the beginning of their history in California, but the Methodists were first to organize, having had an organized class of ten or a dozen shifting saints ever since the summer of 1847, before the discovery of gold, when Rev.

William Roberts passed through under appointment to Oregon. He also organized a small Sunday School and got them a library from the Sunday School Union. The Sunday School was knocked to pieces and the class went into desuetude during the stampede, after gold was discovered, in Coloma Valley, at Sutter's saw-mill, January, 1848. The class was revived under the influence of local preachers early in 1849. A little later Roberts was made a superintendent, with authority over the California field. He was in full possession of facts about the missionaries who were coming from the East. He had left William Taylor's appointment in writing with a layman in San Francisco, expecting that he would arrive there first; and he had left Isaac Owen's appointment to Sacramento in that city, hoping that he would come to that point first. Owen came through with a wagon train, and the tendency was for people of the middle west to stop at Sacramento, while those from the Atlantic Seaboard, coming by ship, would stop in San Francisco. Taylor, the younger of the two missionaries, received the more prominent appointment, though Owen, the elder of the two, was entitled to first place. Roberts explained this in the fact that Taylor would reach San Francisco first, and that people from his section were in the majority

at that port. No doubt providence had higher reasons; though Owen was worthy, capable and enterprising, and as a pastor, presiding elder and promoter of institutions, made a worthy name for himself within the boundaries of the State.

Everybody's Brother.

William Taylor was officially the pastor of San Francisco, the first in the City and the State, for Methodism, when he stepped on the shore that Saturday morning. He had brought his own chapel with him, a present from the people at home, cut out and ready to set up; as the price on material was prohibitive in California. His Superintendent knew about this, but had taken liberty in the meantime to have a chapel cut out and shipped from Oregon to San Francisco and to order Taylor's sent to Sacramento. The Oregon chapel beat Taylor to the port and was being put together when he arrived. He dedicated it the third Sunday after he came on shore. The Baptists had a building, but none of the other denominations had built. This First Methodist Episcopal Church was therefore the second protestant church building in California, the first, of the Methodist denomination. The lot, on Powell Street, cost $2,000. The church as dedicated, October 7, 1849, was twenty-five by forty feet.

Early in 1851 they made a twenty by thirty-five foot addition in the rear. In 1854 the original church was sold and removed and a fine wood edifice erected fifty by eighty feet, costing $15,000. Taylor put his dedication service at noon so the Baptist and Congregationalist and Presbyterian pastors could get through with their services and join him. This cultivation of fellowship with all Christians was characteristic of William Taylor. Strangely enough the Baptist pastor vacated his own pulpit in favor of Taylor as his guest the first two Sabbaths Taylor was in San Francisco. We cannot now explain the interlocking influence between these two groups that occasioned the exceeding courtesy. Taylor did often make a master stroke in first impressions, an endowment which sometimes made for enlarged opportunities and unexpected changes of plan.

The Darkest Hour.

But the Christians in San Francisco, all told, were feeble and small, compared with the abounding hordes of iniquity; and such outside pressure always tends to bring believers nearer together and make their differences look smaller. Repetitions of this fellowship from outside pressure are often found among Christians in pagan lands. It may be said that for a while California was in some respects the most pagan of the pagan lands.

So sudden had been the assemblage of inhabitants, so transient were their aims, and so recently had the soil fallen to its new sovereignty that there was almost no recognized authority. Gambling was the highest profession in the city; and a man could be murdered in the gambling preserves without there being an inquest or investigation, unless there was something unmanly or unfair about it as judged by the standards of the gang. Then he was liable to be lynched. "Judge Lynch", as Taylor called him, was a recognized authority in those early days. The righteous element asserted itself in organized form through the Vigilantes, or Vigilance Committee, which came into being the latter part of Taylor's ministry there in the "50's". They were the first white ribboners, distinguishing themselves at time of danger and conflict by a piece of white ribbon in their button holes. Sometimes when there was an emergency a man was known to tear a ribbon out of the corner of his shirt with which to mark himself. Taylor records an exciting instance in 1856 when a corrupt judge stabbed a noble moral leader and the Vigilance Committee put six thousand men under arms in thirty minutes when the great bell of the Vigilance Committee struck, three times. "Long columns of muskets, bayonets and sabers gleamed in the sunlight, but all in solemn silence.

No drum, no shouting, nought but the stern command of the officers." As constituted authority became established and purged, mob rule and the dominance of self appointed organizations automatically disappeared.

The Passing of the Bachelors.

Whatever the hatefulness of the brothel, whatever the degradations of the den, there was at first the consolation that no women were involved. The inventions of iniquity were not much less on this account, and there were some phases of cruelty and barbarism that must have reached a more terrible momentum because of woman's absence. William Taylor soon began to reckon with the social problem, and indeed with all the problems to which this empire in swaddling clothes was heir. The coming of government and the discovery that California was good for something else besides mining led thousands to turn from the attitude of sojourners to the attitude of citizens. Their conduct was quite improved and they were ready to build schools and churches. Men began to send for their wives and sweethearts or to call upon any who would help them find companions. The Mexican War and the gold fever had reduced the number of young men in the East till the girls were vastly in the majority, and the levelling tendency operated rapidly.

Taylor's pastorate witnessed distresses and joys of social and family life sufficient to fill a volume. He writes in his Life Story:

"The darkest chapter in the history of California is that which records the disruption of family ties and connubial relationships, occasioned, primarily, by the rage and rush of thousands of heads of families to her mines of gold. Many families of children were thus neglected when they most needed a father's watchful care and counsels. Many a wife pined with a broken heart on account of the absence of her husband and the husband a desolate, isolated wanderer in a strange land. In many cases these husbands were unsuccessful, and often unable even to raise money enough to carry them to their poor, dependent families at home. Very many of both husbands and wives died without the longed-for meeting again. The mails, surcharged with death shocks, for years passed back and forth from ocean to ocean, and ever and anon, suddenly and unexpectedly as a thunderbolt from a clear sky, the lightning leaped from the train and struck the widow's heart, and hope departed. Still more dark and dreadful is the record of connubial infidelity which hopelessly sundered and desolated hundreds of once happy families. In the midst of all these dangers the meeting of true and faith-

ful husbands and wives after weary years of separation was an occasion of thrilling interest, and often furnished scenes which baffled the painter's skill."

In his journal February 3, 1852, Taylor describes the arrival of the steamer Panama, which he witnessed, going aboard to look for missionaries. He writes: "About four thousand persons crowded down Long Wharf to witness her arrival. Quite a company of anxious wives who had come to join their husbands stood on deck looking out to catch in the distance the joyful recognition of those they loved. One simple-hearted, beautiful little woman, getting a glimpse of her husband in the crowd, clapped her hands and danced for very gladness. One man rushed on deck and threw his arms around his wife as though he would run right away with her, and then, with arms around each other, they walked abaft in the greatest glee, not seeming to be conscious that anybody was in sight of them. Nearly all that met embraced and kissed each other, some laughing and some weeping, amid the cheering of the multitude. A Mrs. Gardner, who had less of youthful fire than many, but I should say not less of genuine affection, was quietly seated on deck waiting the arrival of her husband. The old gentleman took off his hat when he got within a few feet of her, and with his

venerable bald head bared approached her with an air of dignified affection which I cannot describe.

"But a sad case I saw, and it was one of many of the same kind. A man hastened aboard with joyous heart to meet his wife, and was told that three days out from Panama she had suddenly sickened and died, and had found a grave in the deep blue sea. He was taken to her stateroom, and there were her things just as her own hands had left them."

William Taylor performed five ministries during the seven years (1849-1856) that made him "California Taylor": Pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, acting pastor and organizer of initial pastorates over the State, street preacher, hospital missionary, and minister to the sailors through his Seamen's Bethel. Besides, he was the first agent of the Methodist Book Depository in San Francisco, which was enterprised by his senior associate, Isaac Owen; a duty which he performed for three or four years.

For his work over the State we have scant sources of information. He encouraged Rev. Isaac Owen in his pastorate at Sacramento, preaching in the chapel and on the streets. He was first official pastor, and, we may say, father of the first churches at San Jose, Santa Cruz, and

Santa Clara. Taylor's first visit to these towns was over long and tedious roads, walking much of the way, through mud and privations, and dealing with desperate and dangerous men. He bought a cheap broken down pony to complete the journey; a small young horse that had been tied to a mule which ran away with him. "He looked," said Taylor, "as though he had been hung in the teeth of a hurricane". At both San Jose and Santa Cruz there was a small settlement of normal citizens who had come to California to make a home, before the gold fever. A few local preachers were among the dozen or more Methodists at each town. There was great joy among the faithful when their first regular pastor arrived, completed their organization and set their house in order.

The Source of Support

The commission of William Taylor to California grew out of an action of the General Conference of 1848 which voted to send two missionaries to this mysterious world then foreseen as a new annex to the United States. The Mission Board gave him two hundred dollars to provide an outfit and seven hundred and fifty dollars for "salary" and "table board" a year. The indication is that they intended to repeat the seven hundred and fifty dollar payment annually, but he never accepted

another remittance, though this was not even adequate to start him in San Francisco; and, as he remarked in later life as Bishop of Africa, "Self-support in California at times required more economy and harder work than in Africa at the present time". Potatoes were fifty cents a pound. South American apples were fifty cents apiece. Oregon butter two dollars and fifty cents a pound. Flour fifty dollars a barrel. But in later life when he was creating a sensation throughout the church about his self-supporting missions he referred to his attitude in California as proof, to use his own words, that "my mania for self-support, which many pronounce excessive and incurable, is no modern dream with me". It is plain, however, that a man with less physical power and natural ingenuity might have failed before effecting an organization to back him; and a man not his equal in faith, fervor and evangelistic power would have required longer time to create a constituency and backing that shared his spiritual vision. As a matter of fact he has had few equals as a man and as an evangelist, considering all the qualities embodied in him. We know of none in Christian history. If he had a fault at this point, it was due to that modesty which, making him unconscious that he outclassed other men, permitted him to expect more of his brethren in endurance

and achievement than the average man had capacity to accomplish.

He had no house in San Francisco. Rents were prohibitive and so was the price of lumber. So he crossed the bay in a whaleboat to San Antonio, walked five miles with his tools up in the mountains to the shanty of a friend, and hewed lumber out of the redwood trees to build a home. A friend loaned him the money without interest to buy a twelve hundred and fifty dollar lot on Jackson Street above Powell, and in six weeks from the time he landed in the port he was moving into his own house, "a comfortable two-story house, 16x26 feet", the total cost of which to him was "fourteen hundred and ninety-one dollars and ninety-five cents." He found a backslidden Baptist sick in one of the timber camps while out getting lumber for his house, and led the backslider back to Christ; the first man saved through his agency in California.

As soon as the church felt the strength of his ministry and he had organized a quarterly conference his salary was set at $2,000 per year; but even this, in that situation was far short of a support. His opening verdict was confirmed, that the Mission Board could not support a missionary in this new and important mission field; that the application of the theory of self support was the only hope of the church in California.

This historic first pastorate lasted two years, which was then the time limit. But the authorities of the rapidly growing California Conference saw that the First M. E. Church was only a small fraction of Taylor's pastorate; that he was indeed pastor of all the unchurched thousands of California's metropolis; so another pastor was given to First Church and Taylor organized his Bethel for seamen and went into the five years of his major ministry at the Golden Gate; pastor of the unchurched multitudes, shepherd of the seas, and guardian angel of the hospitals and manifold situations of human suffering.

The Street Preacher.

Under the weight of his declining years a romance lingered around the street preaching and open air ministry of William Taylor as he tells how on one occasion he mounted a dry-goods box at Sonora, California: "Taking my stand I threw out upon the gentle zephyrs of that mild April night one of Zion's sweetest songs, which echoed among the hills and settled down on the astonished multitudes like the charms of Orpheus. My congregation packed the street from side to side." It was his love for earth's multitudes that led him to the streets and markets; it was his labors there that served to broaden his sympathy and quicken his sanctified audacity and make him an

apostle to the world. If the blue sky was the dome of his tabernacle, the whole human race was his audience; and thus he learned to assume a freedom of the soil wherever he went, which was seldom disputed; and thus could he have said, "Anywhere He leads me will be home sweet home".

Preaching one Sunday morning on the Long Wharf in San Francisco, with a whiskey barrel for his pulpit and with men of all nations around him, he took for his text, "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people". Addressing a representative of each nation as he could distinguish him in the crowd he would say, "My French brother", or "Brother Spaniard", or Chinaman or Hawaiian, "I have glad tidings of great joy for you." When he thought he had completed his round of greeting, an Irishman spoke out saying, "And may it please your riverence, and have ye nothing for a poor Irishman". An entertaining dialogue of edifying wit ensued, which served as a part of the sermon. In his street preaching he had the ease and grace of a man at his own fireside. This in itself drew attention. Most people are not themselves in public, but he who is himself has an added power over his audience. Taylor never took a collection for himself on the streets, guarding jealously against

giving the gainsayer a chance to charge him with commercializing the gospel. He was seldom disturbed seriously, and was usually endowed with such readiness of wit that he could side-track his disturber without offending him. His reputation as an open air preacher, gained in Georgetown and Baltimore, was mentioned by the Oregon Superintendent as one reason for giving him the San Francisco appointment. When he began this work there, in December after his arrival, his friends were fearful for his safety. The gamblers ruled the city and the law was inadequate to protect him. Men were frequently killed and no arrest made at all. He says: "When I announced that I would preach on the plaza and throw Gospel hot shot right through the masses of every saloon it was feared that the gamblers would take it as an insult and shoot me. There was no legal protection or redress. It would only be said next day, 'The gamblers killed a Methodist preacher yesterday. He very imprudently went down to preach on the plaza, and before he got fairly at it they shot him.' "

But he and Mrs. Taylor sang the "Royal Proclamation", his famous campaign hymn, as a duet, and "restless hundreds of excitable men came running from every direction to see what new wonder under the sun had appeared." The con-

summate tact with which the preacher began disarmed the opposition; and opposing forces, for seven long years, were never able to rally a sufficient following to risk an attack. Sometimes wicked men would arise in their might to quell disturbance and protect the preacher. Only once in the entire time did any one lay hands on Taylor. A half intoxicated giant sat at his feet on one occasion while he preached and fenced for a quarrel till his wits were non plussed, and then arose and seized the preacher by the collar. Taylor, of whom some one back in Baltimore had said, "I would as soon attack an African lion", lifted the gentleman, shook him till his jaws rattled and every joint was uncomfortable, passed him over to a group of men with the request that they not be too hard on him, and went on with his sermon. This exceptional demonstration of muscular Christianity was never pointed to with pride by Taylor. It seemed to embarrass him a little, and he does not even record it in his Autobiography. The fact is, he had fighting power but no fighting spirit. His method was love. He thought too much of people to want to hurt any one, and, though he was fearless, never did any preacher more consistently respect the apostle's injunction not to give offense to any man. Of course, if a chaste, vigorous attack upon sin gave

offense he was willing to take the consequence. But in preaching against the worst forms of sin he was gentleman enough and well enough educated to use clean language.

He estimates that he preached not less than six hundred open air sermons in San Francisco. At the close of that ministry he wrote a book entitled "Seven Years of Street Preaching in San Francisco" which is very readable, and instructive about early life in that State. The best of it is quoted in "The Story of My Life" which he prepared with the aid of the historian Ridpath nearly forty years later. His systematic brief for street preaching with which he opens the book on Street Preaching would make a valuable tract for preachers everywhere to read. He elucidates its enlarging value and physical benefit to the preacher and its logical place in carrying out the great commission.

The Sufferers' Friend.

Was it God that spoke to the mysterious Alfred Roberts in Washington, D. C., and established wireless communication between him and William Taylor in California because their hearts were both tuned to the same wave of sympathy? Roberts claimed to be led of God in a vision, to come from the American capital to the shores of

California in 1850 during the scourge of Asiatic cholera in San Francisco. In that vision he had seen William Taylor, of whom he had never heard. On arrival at San Francisco he had gone to the several churches looking for the man of his vision, coming last to the Methodist Church, near the close of the service. When William Taylor came out, Roberts claimed to recognize his man and greeted Taylor with emotions which in the light of all circumstances gave startling evidence of the supernatural. Speaking of him as "the most unselfish man I ever knew", Taylor leaves us a description of him in his Autobiography:

"In those days there came a man to that coast who seemed to belong to the old prophetic age. He was a friend indeed to all in need. He had nothing but the clothes he wore; he was a hard worker, but worked for nothing, yet he lacked nothing and nothing was really needed, of human resources, by any sufferer in the city that he was not ready promptly to supply.

"As quickly as a vulture could scent a carcass, that strange man would find every sick person in town and minister to his needs, whether of soul or body. If he needed a blanket the stranger, who was soon known to everybody, went at once to some merchant who had blankets to sell and procured the gift of one for the needy man; so for

the need of any article of clothing; or even a bowl of soup, he would bring it hot from the galley of some soup-maker. He was soon known as a direct express almoner, working most efficiently along the straight lines of human demand and supply.

"His appearance deeply impressed me at first sight. One Sabbath morning after preaching in my little church on Powell Street I was met at the door by a tall man wearing a well-worn suit of gray jeans and a slouch white wool hat with broad brim. He was lean and bony; he was sallow from exposure to the sun, and his features were strikingly expressive of love, sympathy, patience, and cheerfulness. He grasped my hand and held it, and wept as though he had met a long-absent brother."

Roberts rendered this devoted service to the sick and dying in San Francisco and Sacramento for several months till his health broke. Taylor nursed him back to health in his own home; and, on Roberts' verdict, "My work in California is done", two members of First Church bought him a first class passage to New York, at three hundred dollars. He never ceased his high pressure campaign of mercy, though they heard of him no more for three years, when he wrote them from Jerusalem, giving an outline of the incessant labor

which had intervened. That was the last information about Roberts till 1863 when Taylor visited Palestine and at Nazareth received from the English Bishop Gobat a detailed account of Roberts, referring to him as "that remarkable man". He finally worked himself down and it was clear that his work was done. "We all loved him as a brother in Christ", said Bishop Gobat, "and I fitted up for him a comfortable room in our college building on Mount Zion, and my own daughters waited on him daily in cheerful sympathy for him during a lingering illness of two years, when he died in peace, and we buried him on Mount Zion but a few yards from the tomb of King David".

But while God's strange prophet Alfred Roberts must have put a new impetus in the human sympathy of William Taylor and thus perpetuated himself in Methodism's apostle, Taylor already possessed this valuable talent of sympathy in an unusual degree. In the fall of 1849 he was shocked to discover a "depot of death" bearing the name City Hospital, at which time there came to him a strong leading to be a brother to the sick stranger in California, and tell him of that heavenly Friend "that sticketh closer than a brother". "The cross of intruding myself into strange hospitals", said he, "and offering my services to the promiscuous masses of the sick

and dying of all nations and creeds was, to my unobtrusive nature, very heavy, but I there resolved to take it up; a decision which I have never regretted". He met much discouragement from the hospital authorities; but when Taylor undertook things because of an inner conviction obstacles comprised only one course in his daily food. His zealous and tactful ministry in hospitals and to suffering humanity became as regular as his ministry in the church; and his ample records are replete with names and recorded testimonies of men from many States and nations who owed their salvation to Taylor's care for them in their sickness, some of whom arose to begin life anew; but most of whom, owing to the malignant intestinal diseases and other unconquered ailments of those days, went out of the world to join that vast reception committee which more than a half century later must have come forth to celebrate the coronation of Father Taylor. It will be remembered that Taylor then was barely in his thirties, though he looked older than his years; yet because of the tenderness of his hand and the greatness of his heart he there received the affectionate title of Father Taylor by which many thereafter never ceased to call him.

Shepherd of the Seas.

In the middle of the nineteenth century laws

were very inadequate for protecting human rights. Slavery still had a toe hold in the world, and peonage, the last resort of the slaveholding spirit, would readily appear in unguarded areas. Lack of concert between nations, and ignorance and intemperance in the majority of seamen, created a style of peonage at some ports almost unbelievable. San Francisco, the most unguarded port, was the home of sharks who furnished perhaps the most perniciously perfect of the organizations to exploit that large and useful fraction of the sons of toil who go down to the sea in ships. Taylor's picture of these traffickers in human blood is faithfully presented in his book, "Seven Years Street Preaching in San Francisco". A recent philosopher coins the adage, "The wages of sin is publicity". Taylor's arraignment of the sharks in his street preaching and his immensely circulated book went far toward bringing in a better day. They would utilize rum shops and counterfeit charities to detach sailors from their ships, strip them of their money, dope them and sell them back to outgoing ships whose captains were compelled to submit to terms in order to man their ships. The unfortunate sailors would come to their senses on the sea with their possessions gone and they themselves sailing under a contract on which the ship had been forced to pay

most of the wages of the trip to cover padded board bills and fraudulent assessments. The middle men's machine was so crafty that sailors were seldom allowed to deal directly with shipmasters, even for reshipping on the boats with which they came to port.

Taylor's Bethel saved the day for unnumbered multitudes, and brought scores of sailors to a knowledge of Christ, who in turn became witnesses in all the ports of the world. The whole enterprise, in the light of his other activities we have discussed, went to show that no part of humanity's needs escaped his watchful eye, and no son of Adam failed to find standing room in his heart. With his own earnings he bought a piece of ground suitably situated, and with money collected from the streets and everywhere he built the sailors a home and a meeting house, the famous Bethel, replete with mercies, human benefits and sublime services which are now described only in the files of the recording angel.

The value of Taylor's ground enhanced, and he received a personal offer of $20,000 cash for the land. This, as a Californian expresses it, would have put him on Easy Street. He could have reserved the Bethel plot and let the work go on, while he came out with a double reward. But his thoughts were for the future of Methodism in

California; and just at that time he turned and deeded it to the church. To all intents and purposes it was a straight twenty thousand dollar gift to Methodism after fulfilling his commission on the self-supporting basis. His counsellors, with himself in the lead, then proceeded toward more ambitious things for the kingdom. A good man, thoroughly responsible, agreed to run a hotel on their premises if the trustees of Bethel would put up a suitable building, and to pay them one thousand dollars a month in rent. This was no gold brick. Hard headed business men saw that it was sound business and that San Francisco needed the hotel. They mortgaged all the property except the Bethel Building and, in a sense, mortgaged William Taylor, to put up the hotel building. When that should be erected and paid for with rentals, a thing that could be mathematically assured, the grand Bethel enterprise would be endowed for all time. The wonder is that they did not include the Bethel building in the securities on which the building money was advanced, it seemed so very safe.

But nothing is safe except in heaven. Just as the hotel was opened, business slackened—unthinkable in California. Never before had there been a serious depression. A panic began in 1855. Valleys follow hills. Whatever goes up must

come down. California, which had seen the richest and best sustained boom of any in human history, must now know the meaning of a financial panic famous for its extreme sacrifices and ruinous effects. It turned to a cyclone and shook the Pacific Coast. Extending on into 1856 it covered the entire United States as distressing as a frost among the oranges. Nor did it stop till all of Europe was in its grip. No rentals could be paid on the hotel that endowed Bethel. As never before, the lenders had to collect. Each man was pressing his neighbor as a series of hungry fish would each in turn chase the smaller fish. How often does it happen that tragedies seemingly unrelated fall upon each other's heels. The city of San Francisco caught fire! With much other valuable property that was destroyed went the new hotel and all its contents. Protections were not so available then; men carried their own risks more. Though property depreciated from two to five hundred per cent, sales were forced and creditors extracted what little they could get from their securities. A few of them, big in their belief in William Taylor, had taken no securities, but had advanced their money to him on his word. They were fortunate; for if Taylor lived and his strong arm retained its strength their money would be as sure as if deposited in the Bank of

London. Taylor lived, and they got their money; that part of the story may be dismissed without detail. His friends tried to show him the ethics of letting all his creditors be pooled with the other unfortunates, but he could not see it that way. He brought it to the session of the California Conference in 1856, a committee vindicated him, and, as the Conference was financially unable to help him, they voted resolutions of confidence and sympathy and requested Bishop Scott, who was presiding, to give him a leave of absence that he might help himself. The leave was granted; and, after some little service rendered at Yuba City and Marysville he journeyed with his family to New York, feeling an inward call of the Spirit supplementing the grim order of providence.

Retracing His Steps.

In bitterness of soul, for he knew how to have bitterness, he lamented the two little ones he had planted in California dust, Oceana and Willie; "But", said he, "the great tribulation of my life was occasioned by the wreck and ruin of our Seaman's Bethel enterprise". Discouragement, however, seemed never to strike very deep in William Taylor. He never stopped to whine in his prayers, or to grieve over spilled milk. His was a dauntless spirit which had so much consolation that it could hardly find place for worry. When the stu-

dent of William Taylor undertakes to list the things which entered into his secret of success this should not be left out.

Taylor took his first recorded physical rest at the close of this California ministry. For once he admits, "I was greatly overworked". With one Captain Webb of Marysville, California, he planned a deer hunt in the Coast Range Mountains, some hundred miles away, Taylor going on horseback and the Captain and wife and children crossing the plains in a spring wagon. He was away with them about two weeks. He held service with the family on the two Sabbaths, delivering a formal and very personal sermonette to the Captain, who was a backslider and who we understand was restored as a result of his outing with William Taylor.

The Taylors embarked from San Francisco early in October. They crossed Panama on their return. The family numbered seven, but two were in heaven. The children, Morgan Stuart, Charles Reid, and Osman Baker, completed the five passengers of the Taylor family on its return to the Atlantic Seaboard. The tickets to New York were presented by a big hearted San Franciscan Captain Haven; to whom, as a matter of human interest we may add, Taylor brought a pair of venison hams on returning from his hunt-

ing trip. On the ocean voyage to New York Taylor preached to the people on deck by their invitation and that of the captain. As he comments on this in his Autobiography we have a view of an invariable characteristic betraying in him the instincts of a prophet of God: "I am comforted in the fact that, for more than fifty years of my Gospel ministry, on every occasion I stood near the strait gate that opens into the kingdom of God, and tried by the help of the Holy Spirit to show poor sinners the way in. A gatekeeper don't aim to get off fine speeches, but keeps repeating, 'This is the way, gentlemen and ladies. Walk in' ".

PART III

The Heart of America

The five years that William Taylor devoted to evangelistic work in the United States proper and the neighboring provinces of Canada were equal in significance to the lifetime of an average preacher. There were no automobiles or airships in those days, but much of that time he swung across the Seaboard States and the Middlewest with a span of ponies and buggy carrying him ten miles an hour when the roads were favorable. A moving object is more interesting than one that is stationary, and Taylor's activity was one of the features that attracted lively minds. The most striking estimate we have of him in that period comes at a later date in the reflections of the historian, John Clark Ridpath, who was a boy in school at Asbury University, now DePauw. Ridpath later remembered that thus early "the locomotive habit had already taken pos-

session of him." Ridpath was impressed with "his large and distinct personality." "His personal manner," says Ridpath, "was then the same as today. His voice was powerful, natural, resonant, pathetic." The following summary from Ridpath is worth preserving. "The history of his life and work in that period does not now concern me, but only my impressions of his visit, his personality, and his sermons before the students and the Church. His apparition left me with a very distinct memory. I see him today, after the lapse of nearly thirty-four years, sharply outlined against that far horizon of my boyish recollection. I perceive in the backward look several things about the man and the preacher as he then was. The first of these is the fact that he had already developed that wonderful directness of speech which is, perhaps, the secret of his influence in the religious society of our time. At that date he spoke directly out, just as he did after the discipline of another quarter of a century. I suppose that this method of immediate speech, passing without any intermediate formulary from the speaker to the spoken-to, was with him a natural gift. This is to say, that he had the quality of doing so dormant among his faculties, and the opportunity and exciting cause came with his experiences in the streets of San Francisco. In that arena, such as it was in the sixth decade, a man

must be direct or be nothing. What effect could be expected from the formal and logical speech of oratory when addressed to the melange of rough miners, gamblers, scamps, refugees of ten countries and fifteen races gathered then in what had lately been the sand roads of Yerba Buena?"

A New Voice In The Old Centers

Arriving in the city of New York unheralded, with no funds, no appointment, and no plan outlined, was an experience that would have tried most of men. Taylor's general plan was to conduct evangelistic campaigns, visit the conferences and other spiritual centers and sell books. In our day it would seem unduly optimistic for a man to expect to support himself and pay an old debt out of the sale of a religious book; but it was William Taylor and his book on California out of which these results were expected, and this was not too much to expect. California was then a land of romance. The opportunity to have its history and inner life portrayed promptly through the press was not as favorable as in our day of efficient journalism. Taylor had in his hands on arrival in New York the manuscript of his Seven Years of Street Preaching in California, which was to command unusual interest in that day and to sell in editions of many thousands, and was to be followed soon after with its companion

piece, California Life Illustrated. The Methodist Book Concern had faith enough to help him bring out the publication, which a well meaning assistant editor tried to edit in the manuscript at a charge of two hundred dollars. The bill was honored by Taylor but he had to "correct the doctor's corrections." He says in his journal: "I clothed all my facts in my own homespun attire." In the interest of his best success it was absolutely necessary to let him be himself.

It was a pleasant coincidence that the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church which had sent Taylor into California seven years before should be in its annual meeting at New York shortly after his arrival. He was cordially received and filled a prominent place in the preaching services of the organization, giving valuable counsel and encouragement at a time of considerable perplexity with regard to the work in the Oriental field, particularly in China, where as yet not a single convert had resulted from the efforts of the Methodist missionaries after ten years of operation.

In forming his spiritual affiliations at the metropolis William Taylor drifted to the center of gravity most natural for him, the Tuesday night holiness meeting. This had been an institution for some time under the leadership of the celebrated

Palmer family whose influence had touched his life down the coast when he was a young preacher.

A revival at 17th Street M.E. Church and a revival at Hanson Place, Brooklyn, were outstanding events of his sojourn in New York. The latter church had just been formed. William Taylor's visit resulted in two hundred conversions. It may be said that this church was virtually born under his ministry.

Doing The Unusual

His visit to his old home conference in Baltimore and to his parents the following spring were impressive events in his life that revived sacred memories. Usually the unusual thing happened in the cities where his efforts were put forth. If the churches wished the service of William Taylor they had to accept him when providence sent him. An event of significance in church history was his revival at Charles Street Church in Baltimore which then was the aristocratic church of the city, "the only pewed church in Methodism south of Mason and Dixon's line." It took considerable skill on the part of the pastor to get the flaming evangelist introduced in this church and there was a clash with the official board because of the unusual season selected for the meeting and their expressed belief that nothing could be accomplished. They finally said to the pastor, "If you

and Brother Taylor are willing to face the failure and disgrace of an abortive attempt, then go ahead." The result was a most remarkable revival in a most unlikely field, adding two hundred members to Charles Street Church. Taylor records a humble and triumphant prayer of a wealthy gentleman, Major Dryden, at the close of the revival campaign in Charles Street Church. It is so nearly the history of many an elegant meeting house that we are recording it here. The Major prayed: "O, Lord, twelve years ago we built this house. We poured out our money freely and constructed this beautiful edifice. These fine pews have been sepulchers to the dead, and these fine cushions the habiliments of our graves. We have had good preaching, but we awoke not. O, Lord, thou knowest how helpless and hopeless was our deplorable state. But during these meetings, blessed be thy holy name, the voice of the Son of God has awakened the dead, and they have come forth a great army, and are on the march for the conquest of souls for thee. Now we are glad that we put our money into this beautiful building, and that at last thou hast accepted this our offering, and we will trust thee henceforth to make this the house of thine abode, for Christ's sake. Amen!"

In the spring of 1857 William Taylor made a tour of all the principal towns of Delaware and New Jersey, proclaiming the gospel message and

interesting them with the wonderful facts that had already accumulated in the record of his ministry, for though he was still a young man, experience had made him a veteran, and his coming to a church was an event of unusual interest. In the summer of that year he visited as many as a dozen camp meetings in the States of New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland. In those days the camp meetings were centers of spiritual life and the visitors at the camps that season had something more than common to report when they went back home. Many years afterward, Methodism's greatest editor, Dr. James M. Buckley, reverted to Taylor's camp meeting season of 1857 when the famous editor was unknown to the world, and said that he followed William Taylor around and heard him preach seventeen sermons and that he had been keeping track of him ever since.

Philadelphia had a large share of Taylor's ministry in the summer of 1857 when he preached in virtually all the Methodist churches of that city. His zeal for souls was such that he could not confine himself to the church buildings; and, although the mayor of the city had issued an order prohibiting street preaching, Taylor was skillful enough to overcome the order and get before the multitudes with his message by setting his wedge in the Eleventh Street Market.

It is difficult for the annalist of the twentieth century to see how a man could pack a year as full as Taylor crowded 1857. The fall, he gave to New England where he had never labored before. A visit from him was enjoyed at New Market Camp meeting in New Hampshire where he formed a fellowship of Boston friends. Included in the number was the Reverend William McDonald, editor and author, and one of the founders of the modern movement for the promotion of holiness. McDonald afterward proved to be a useful friend of the world evangelist, strong in his encouragement of industrial and self supporting missions.

A birth and a death in the family of William Taylor marked the first year after their return from California. Little Osman, two years old, passed away, and Ross was born while they were sojourning at the home of Stuart Taylor, his father. Shortly after that event he moved his family to Newark, New Jersey, renting a home with a view to convenience for his evangelistic travels; but his travels were suspended for an entire month under a smallpox quarantine in which he had to nurse his two boys through. He escaped unscathed as he usually escaped all sickness and disease. His diary recites the humorous side which he was so gifted in seeing. To warn the public during the quarantine, his little son Stuart com-

posed a sign, "Smallpox! Walk In And Catch It!" He nailed it on a tree in the yard. Of the two boys who suffered he writes that "Ross suffered less than his brother Charlie, and gained less by what he suffered." Upon answering Charlie's question about God's willingness to heal him in about two weeks, the boy silently measured up the time and said, "I do wish he would make haste." This period of enforced confinement at home was a punctuation in the life of the world missionary, which, despite the solicitude of the time, lingered among the dearest pictures upon memory's wall.

At the close of the varied experiences of the winter of 1857-58 Taylor conducted a revival in Richmond, Virginia. In this capital of his native state as a boy he had his first view of the big city, saw his first ship and his first railroad train. His former visits to Richmond had been to steer his father's boat a hundred and fifty miles down North River and James River with a cargo of flour. This revival at Richmond was rendered more interesting by the renewed fellowship of a number of persons who had been under his pastorate in San Francisco, and by the presence of some of the Taylor relatives who were in Richmond.

Builders Of The Middlewest

The years 1858 to 1860 were great years of evangelism in the life of Taylor. He went "west" and began his three years of travel in the Middlewest by attending the session of the Erie Conference at Meadville, Pennsylvania, presided over by Bishop Janes. The ministers and people gave him an enthusiastic reception and he preached in the church and on the public square. He was called back to the same conference the ensuing year at Erie, Pennsylvania, where there were notable scenes of spiritual power under his preaching. The sheriff was stricken down with conviction and cried aloud while Taylor was preaching on the public square, Sunday afternoon. This resulted in a wonderful conversion. A prominent minister who was ordained at that session of conference became interested in studying the stability of Taylor's converts and reported many years afterward that he found nineteen people remaining steadfast who were converted during Taylor's visit at the session of conference in Erie.

These three years were devoted mainly to Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Iowa, where Taylor was a welcome visitor at all the principal camp meetings, conferences, institutions, and spiritual centers. It was during this period that he bought his rapid transit team of horses which were also used later up in Canada.

Taylor's personal records show that he had a lively interest in all the issues of the day, both in church and state, but particularly in the problems of the church and temperance, and moral reform. The movements that led a little later to the birth of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and the modern prohibition achievements were taking rise then in the Middlewest and they owe much in their early origins to the mighty stimulus they received from the ministry of William Taylor during those three years.

Taylor figured in the rebirth of old Wesley Church, Cincinnati, in those days, and contributed a new impetus to many camp meetings. His rule was to travel six days of every week and preach. He made no demands for remuneration and put the conversion of sinners and the sanctification of believers first in his emphasis at all the services, reserving the privilege on one of his week nights to mention his books, the sale of which brought his support. There was eager demand for his lectures on California, and Monday evening was a favorite time for which to have these lectures announced when he devoted a week in a place.

Those were times when there was some strife between denominations and considerable public debating over questions of baptism and church

polity. Taylor took an interest in these things and was very frank with his views as a Methodist, but his rule was to defend the Gospel by preaching it, and he could not be drawn aside from evangelism and soul winning to engage in matters of controversy.

His sympathetic human interest in the people of the Middlewest was felt everywhere. It is of interest here to record an appreciation of the Hoosier State which Bishop Taylor leaves on record in his autobiography. It was at this time that a fellow feeling was developing between the Indianans and the world evangelist which afterward led to the change of the name of Fort Wayne Methodist College to Taylor University. After spending nearly all of 1859 in Indiana and laboring "in all the towns of any note in that great State" he writes this estimate of the people. "The people of that State in those days excelled as singers, and were the greatest people known for shaking hands in meeting when they got happy. They seemed like kinsfolk to me, and I loved them dearly. My friends there, in the ministry and out, were numerous, and my work of preaching daily in pulpits and the public squares of their towns, and at their camp meetings and Annual Conferences, was all on the high lines of things extraordinary, and yet so uniform in their character that I find it difficult in this hasty sketch

to particularize so as to note persons or events. Many of the old heroes then at the front have gone to their home in heaven."

It was during this period in 1860 that Honorable Edward K. Taylor was born, the only child living at the time the present biography is being written. Affectionate reference to him is made by the Bishop in recording his Canadian visit: "Edward was then our baby, born the year before in Elmira, New York." It was during this period also that Taylor wrote "The Model Preacher," a very useful and suggestive book for preachers which grew out of a correspondence he had with a young preacher in the State of Oregon.

Taylor found time during this period to serve as a regular preacher at one session of the great Red Lyon camp meeting in Delaware, patronized largely by the churches of Philadelphia. Camp meetings of this type in which the regular church takes systematic interest have become items of history, and it is well to record Taylor's picture of one. In this camp there were five hundred tents with "an assemblage of thousands of people." He writes: "Nearly every church had a large boarding tent and a big prayer meeting tent, and nearly every family its own canvas home and its own family worship at sunrise every morning. Regular frame and weather-board houses at camp meeting are of later date."

Bishop Scott was one of the preachers at that camp, and it was there that our William Taylor became associated with the famous John S. Inskip who figured so vitally in the origin of the National Association for the Promotion of Holiness. This was the section in Taylor's life when he met a number of celebrities of the Middlewest, including Peter Cartwright and his class. But no doubt the opportunity was as notable for them as it was for Taylor.

When the "cyclone of Civil War" commenced to sweep over the nation, Taylor found a better field to invest his evangelistic talent in Eastern Canada. He preached in their many camp meetings and at the session of what was then the Wesleyan Conference and conducted very fruitful evangelistic movements. His labors among the Canadians and English soldiers were fruitful in the salvation of a multitude of souls. Thus early in the time of America's tragic struggle England was in fear of war with the United States and had sent many thousands of soldiers to Canada. Taylor records that the soldiers showed little belief in the prospect of war with the United States, and were tender and responsive to the kind of gospel message God had qualified him to deliver.

It was while laboring in Canada early in 1862 that Taylor got the inspiration which led him

to cross the ocean and begin his work in the regions beyond. We would say now that it was providence which placed him as a guest in the home of one Dr. James Brown, a medical man of Peterboro, Canada, whose personal experiences in Australia caused this rising new continent to get on the heart of the man whose heart was big enough for the whole world and led him in his characteristic way to accept a call from God, with marching orders, only three months later, to part forever with the routine work of home evangelism.

PART IV.

OVERSEAS

To be on British soil during America's civil war was a rare experience for an American. Taylor was in Canada, England and Australia during that tragic period, witnessing its close from the regions around the Cape of Good Hope, his main Australian ministry completed.

We hold the view that no man is a desirable and useful world citizen except as he is right with his own nation; that sensible patriotism makes him worth more to all mankind. It is doubtful if William Taylor knew how it felt to be a coward. His business outside the United States when most of its male citizens had business at home was wholly providential; and that he was in divine order will be obvious to every discerning person who reviews the results of his life in the years of 1861 to 1865.

The historian who goes to the bottom of things

will list William Taylor among the makers of history under four distinctive counts: His part in laying the social and moral foundations of the State of California, including a share in the creation of some of its historic institutions, educational and eleemosynary; the story of which is told in preceding pages. His part in maintaining the American Union in the moment of its threatened dissolution, through the use of his singular talent in the other parts of the English speaking world. His part in typing the social and educational development of the Australasian world at the very moment when the whole situation was set for the influencing art of a great personality. His part in introducing and establishing vital Christianity on a large scale in three of the principal mission fields of the world—the Asiatic, South American and African Continents.

Australia by way of England was Taylor's idea, when, on May 1, 1862, he took ship from a Canadian port on the steamer Kangaroo. A stormy fortnight marked his first trip across the Atlantic, the fog bell tolling all the way across, and the ship, in one instance, barely escaping a large iceberg. There is no evidence that he had bargained for a seven months ministry in England and Ireland; but, getting his start at the Wesleyan Conference then in session at Camborne,

Cornwall, where he was introduced by letters from Canada, he was held, in the islands, till the latter part of the following January.

Planting Seeds In England

He landed first in Liverpool. Going on the first Sabbath to Brunswick Wesleyan Chapel he met incidentally with a chill reminder that he had a political mission as well as a dispensation of evangelism in England. Introduced to the pastor as being from the United States he received the prompt retort, "The dis-United States." Moved by the fact that the *London Times* and other influential factors in public opinion were championing the cause of the Southern Confederacy, this loyal Virginian undertook to clear the "murky atmosphere" so that the common people could see. His love for the Southern people and his identification with them by birth caused his views to receive the more patient attention by the Briton, who is set on his guard against preachments born of passion. He published a pamphlet in the nature of a testimony, entitled "Cause and Probable Results of the Civil War in America—Facts for the People of Great Britain," and mailed it out judiciously, by the thousands, at his own expense. Just how William Taylor could do some things that he did financially, is a problem to a biographer of a later generation, but providence was

always immanent in his life. His pamphlet stirred the newspaper circles, and editors were asking the question, Who is this man Taylor?

Who, indeed, was Taylor, that he should wield a determining influence anywhere he pitched his camp? He was not so much a logician, he was a psychologist. He maintained that breadth of tolerance, coupled with inflexible convictions, which enabled him to sense every man's viewpoint; and he was endowed with that fine intelligence which made for a skillful reaction to every situation. His wit was often like a sunburst. He records two surprises when he arrived at the Wesleyan Conference: They observed no parliamentary law but conducted everything in conversational style, and the ministers made free use of wine at the dinner tables. The latter was the greater surprise, upon which a fire eating reformer would have broken with the whole situation, losing his contact and his opportunity. He merely answered pleasantries with pleasantries, weaving his reasons into a useful argument for total abstinence, which no doubt was a seed-sowing for the future. Is it too much to say that the same man who afterward planted the useful eucalyptus tree in California did at this time do a share in the planting of the seeds of higher temperance in England?

Among the cherished compliments received by Taylor in his later years was a statement of President Rutherford B. Hayes that the efforts of Taylor in England on behalf of the American Union was "worth more than a regiment of soldiers at the front." Incidentally, Mr. Hayes had shown a friendly interest in the institution that later assumed the name of Taylor University in William Taylor's honor after he was elected missionary bishop. But when the books are opened, we think that other results of no less importance will show forth from Taylor's first sojourn in the British Isles. For he conducted revival or special meetings, usually of a week's duration, but in some places for two or three weeks, at various points, giving special attention to Ireland, where he records Dublin, Belfast, Portadown, Enniskillen, Sligo, Bandon and Cork among his fields. A pleasant feature of his meetings in Armagh, Ireland, was the number of people who claimed kin with him, though a hundred years had elapsed since his ancestors had cleared the ports of Erin.

In Bible Lands

To Paris, spending a week "looking at the wonders of that wonderful city and its environments." To Beyroot, by way of Marseilles, touching on Turkish soil and acquiring "valuable in-

formation" about missions in Turkey. Preaching one night in Beyroot to an appreciative audience who understood English. Thus we have a synopsis of his journey to Palestine. Something in his heart needed that peculiar diet of sentiment, faith-food or soul-food, that comes from viewing the scenes of our Lord's earthly ministry and trudging over the same dusty ways. He made a one-month study of Bible lands, following a carefully worked program, which included two visits to Jerusalem. This was to serve thereafter as a valuable background in his work as a cosmopolitan sermonizer. There was to be no more time available for this kind of sojourning in the rest of his busy career. But he lived while he was living. He went swimming in the sea of Galilee, and also baffled the swift currents of the Jordan near Jericho to the great alarm of an Arab observer who did not know of Taylor's peculiar athletic endowment at this point. Warned of the danger from fanatical Moslems at the tomb of David, he said to a companion, "Let's go to the tomb of David at a venture." His boldness and smiling cordiality disarmed the reserve of the guards who rushed out to meet him. They gathered around him, stroked his beard and, as he expressed it, "Probably thought I was a Mohammedan sheik."

He debarked at Joppa for Alexandria. While

in Egypt he took time to visit Cairo, to climb the Great Pyramid, explore its inner chamber, and examine the Sphinx. Reducing his funds for personal use to a minimum, in deference doubtless to his family's needs, he used nearly all his cash to buy a ticket from Suez to Melbourne, Australia, the cost of passage being about six hundred dollars. He traveled on the Mooltan, a four thousand ton ship, crowded with passengers, most of whom were India-bound. His first "peep at Australia" was at Albany, where his ship touched and he went ashore and whistled to the birds in the tree tops and heard them sing. He borrowed there five dollars from the captain to pay on a little chapel that was being built by a struggling mission.

Australia Opens Its Doors

The history of his Australian labors begins at Melbourne, shortly after May 1, 1863. Exactly one year had elapsed since he had steamed out from Sandy Hook for England, "en route for Australia."

Down to the very hour of this long delayed first regular biography of Bishop William Taylor, the traveler in Australia will be impressed with the truth of Taylor's own illumined reflection thirty years later: "My mission to Australia was in fulfillment of an unmistakable providential program

and the accomplishment of a great providential purpose."

An American minister returning from a sojourn in Australia in 1926 reports his impression of the evidence of Taylor's long continued influence there. "Many of the ministers in Australia at one time were direct fruits of his labors. . . . . When we heard of some prominent layman who had given thousands of pounds to church causes, the next sentence was very likely to be, 'He was a convert in the Taylor meetings'. . . .We got quite in the way of expecting to see in the Wesleyan church vestries, two pictures on the wall, one of John Wesley and the other of William Taylor."

Singularly enough he wrote no books on Australia as he did in all his other mission fields. The reason is surmised in the fact that he did not have time. His first period of three years' labor was a high pressure drive in mass evangelism and personal soul winning. It was so eminently the psychological season that he marched through the "Southern World" with one grand triumph. The book he wrote in Australia, his only book directly upon Christian Holiness, of which there was a sale of thirty thousand, was written mainly during some time that he economized while sailing in a steamer from Melbourne to Sydney with a crowd of "fast men" who were on their way to

Sydney to a shooting match. He wrote on his knee, by the same light in which they were playing cards, with oaths from the unlucky losers. The following quotation from his book, "Infancy and Manhood of Christian Life," will disclose what was then his state of mind upon the subject of evangelism, and reveal the insurgent faith out of which came one of the most far reaching evangelistic campaigns of Christian history.

Looking Into Taylor's Heart

"For over twenty years my poor soul and body have been wholly sanctified to God, which is but the reasonable service required of every sinner. I have been subject to the disabilities of ignorance, hence errors of judgment, with their painful consequences; of great and varied temptations from a great variety of sources; of great reverses of fortune, so called; of great family bereavements and privations; of persecutions, and perils by sea and land; but under all these, and in spite of all these, I have been enabled steadily to maintain, every day, during the said period of over twenty years, the essential facts in my experience, daily confessing them to God, and professing them to the world as occasion seemed to require for the glory of God. The facts of my own utter helplessness, the all-sufficiency and availability of a perfect remedy, and of a perfect

supply in Christ, meeting every demand of my needy case, and the abiding presence and effectiveness of the Holy Spirit, in the fulfillment of his gracious offices, have from year to year become more clearly defined in my consciousness as living verities. I mention facts of my personal experience, as a witness for Jesus, to illustrate the Gospel doctrines I have had under discussion. . . ."

"Just in so far as the church of Christ, with all her organic strength, and grand institutions and appliances, falls short of God's standard of practical holiness, will her effectiveness in her great work of saving the world fall short of the standard of God's purpose and gospel provisions for the accomplishment of that grand result. If the gospel provision for the salvation of the world, instituted by Jesus Christ according to the purpose of God, and administered by the personal Holy Ghost 'proceeding from the Father' for this purpose, is inadequate, is it not time the church, and the world, should know it? If adequate, it is high time we should find out and remove the grounds of failure. While an incalculable amount of good has been done in the world, through the gospel, it is a lamentable fact, that, after the struggle of over eighteen hundred years, we have not carried even the sound of Jesus' name to half the population of the globe, and that the large majority of those who have heard the gospel per-

sist in rebellion against God. There must be a screw loose, a wheel off, or some dreadful miscarriage in this greatest of all enterprises. For the honour of God, and the well being of a perishing world, let there be a thorough investigation of this matter. If every other enterprise in the world should stand still, let this go on till this mighty problem is solved. The high contracting parties in the matter are God and man. If it be found that the present constitution of the gospel is not sufficient, but that Christ must come again, not as Judge, but as a Savior, to do, by some kind of corrective power, what the moral forces of his first effort have failed to do, then in the name of all that can affect the great heart of God, let all good people pray that he would come at once, before any more of our dear friends go down to hell. But if it be found that his gospel provisions are exactly suited to these great ends, which I firmly believe, and that the ground of failure lies entirely with man, the party of the second part, and that when Christ shall come again, as he undoubtedly will, it will not be with the humiliating confession that his first great enterprise for saving the world was quite insufficient, and that now he will try another plan, but to vindicate the absolute perfection of all his plans and provisions, and call man to answer for this dreadful mis-

carriage, which has occasioned the destruction of millions of souls."

In The Big Church

The fellow feeling of a few high class Irishmen with their *Caed male faltha* (a hundred thousand welcomes), the letters that had been written by Taylor's friend McArthur of London, the correspondence between other mutual friends, and the previous circulation of his California books had so fixed the atmosphere that Australia, beginning at Melbourne, immediately gave him a home and a field. They pulled him out of the Scott Hotel when he had barely time to register, and gave him a home in the suburbs with the good Irishman, Mr. James Copeland, of the firm of McArthur and Company.

The Rev. Daniel Draper of the First Circuit did himself the historic honor of being the first to open a church to our preacher, bringing him back to his home for entertainment. That church was the $200,000 edifice known as Wesley Church. The opening assault, on the first Sabbath in Australia, was in accord with Taylor's usual habit: "Morning to the church, 3:00 p.m. to the children, and evening to the masses of unconverted sinners." His opening sermon for the campaign was the ascension message of Jesus, Acts 1:8; "Ye shall receive power after the Holy Ghost is come

upon you." Mr. Copeland had expressed a quiet regret that Taylor should have to make his first effort in a church reputed as the high place of Methodist pride and formalism, where the Church of England service was read and chanted every Sunday afternoon. Mr. Copeland was afraid it was bad psychology, as we would express it today, that the preacher would not be able to establish a "commanding precedent" which would give him the flood he would need in his tours of the colonies. Taylor expressed the view that God was the author of the situation; that they would "storm Sebastopol" by the power of God, and then the smaller forts would run up the white flag. The first Sabbath at Melbourne represented no effort on the part of the preacher to make a showing in results, but it was a time of vigorous seed sowing. In a short time, however, the tide of salvation was at the flood, and successful meetings followed in all the other churches of Melbourne circuit responsive to a spontaneous demand.

Taylor's Finances

Financial ability is not imputed to preachers by the average business man. Indeed it is not imputed to the average business man by preachers. It is as rare as some other talents. The reason so few preachers have it is the same reason assigned by some one, why many preachers like

chicken. They are so much like other people. Australia found William Taylor to be a mighty instrument in the promotion of philanthropic finance. His own finances never got in the way of this, for in matters material he moved like a prince. His early announcement was, "All my evangelistic labors are given gratuitously." His explanation was: "By means of the press I pay my own traveling expenses, support my family, and turn over the surplus profits to liquidate the debts involved by fire and flood in California." The proper material appreciation of a true ministry will head up in some fashion. In this instance they honored his independence and rewarded his service by giving heavy patronage to his publications at the depositories he established in the various centers where he worked. The world cannot lay against him the charge that he failed to pay his debts, nor that he failed to support his family respectably; though, by mutual agreement, he and his family were committed to the pathetic sacrifice of separation for a large part of their earthly pilgrimage. And surely the world could not reproach his name with the reputation of covetousness. He wanted no man's silver or gold, and refused offerings repeatedly. Not that he would condemn the custom of supporting the ministry. He believed in giving, and was known to borrow money in order to take part in a collection. But he knew

his own calling and the peculiarity of his commission, and conducted his matters accordingly.

The Birth Of Colleges

One of the fruits of progress to which Taylor's revival campaigns made an early contribution in Australia was the calling of a great convention of the friends of education. At this convention, one Mr. Walter Powell made Taylor the spokesman to "stake" an offer of ten thousand pounds against the liberality of all the Wesleyans and friends of Victoria for the establishment of Wesley College. The challenge was accepted, the money paid, and the college founded, with the Rev. James S. Waugh as President. Taylor's connection with the origin of Prince Albert College, in the city of Adeliade, is still more vital. Visiting that part of Australia, the last colony in which he labored, the Rev. Mr. Ironside, superintending minister, was ardent in his demand for a week of meetings, making this significant prophecy: "If you will come and preach a week in our new unfinished chapel we will get Thomas Waterhouse converted to God and he will help us to pay the debt on our church and build us a college." Mr. Waterhouse was a kind hearted, stingy millionaire. Taylor held the meeting. Waterhouse was converted. Ironside's prophecy came true. Besides paying the church debt, Mr. Wat-

erhouse bought twenty-three acres of ground for the college in the city of Adeliade and took a large share in building and endowing a college for the church on that ground. William Taylor's financing gifts, coupled with his preaching on tithing and Gospel giving, made him a powerful factor wherever he went in Australia in increasing the intrenchment of the church by looking after its material interests as a part of the results of his meetings. Buildings were completed and debts were paid in many places. He referred to this ministry as "next to my embassadorship in soul saving in Australia."

The Expected Prophet

With all deference to the fine contingency of ministers and Christian leaders providentially distributed throughout the Australian world in 1863, it appears that they were waiting and half consciously expecting some great divine event which would depend upon the coming and leadership of an anointed man with apostolic gifts. Numerous illustrative circumstances, almost weird, can be cited from our sources, indicating that just as Taylor was prepared for Australia and sent, beneficiaries of his ministry were prepared for his coming. As Taylor was an inspired dreamer, we will notice two typical converts who were brought under his ministry by the dream route. A Unitar-

ian gentleman in Tasmania reported his conversion as follows: In the seriousness of his soul, groping after a satisfying spiritual truth, he dreamed, two nights in succession, of going to a crowded church and seeing in the pulpit a man whose preaching revolutionized his idea of God and salvation. Passing a bookstore in Launceston one day, he saw the picture of his man in the window. "I recognized him," he said "as distinctly as if I had known him in person." He went into the bookstore and asked, "Whom does this striking picture represent?" Being told that it was Mr. Taylor, of California, holding meetings in Hobart, many miles away, he said, "I must hear him, if I have to go to Hobart." He was told that Taylor, in course of time, would be at his own town of Longford. He waited, and, although Taylor's ministry in Longford was brief, our Unitarian became convinced of the evangelical message and found the experience of regeneration.

Up in Sydney a Scotch Presbyterian lady, Mrs. MacDonald, in a family of wealth and intelligence, had been burdened over the sinful conditions and deadness of the churches, and had given herself to prayer and fasting. She prayed definitely that God would send some one through whom he could stir the hearts of the people of

that city and of the colony. Following a long and wasting soul travail she had a dream and a vision therewith, in which she saw "a beautiful chariot without any horses or any visible power of locomotion, moving slowly over the city just above the housetops, and saw standing in it a messenger from God, a tall, straight man with long beard, and he was sowing seed broadcast, and proclaiming in the name of the Lord." "In my dream," said she, "I wept for joy, and said, That is the man the Lord is sending in answer to prayer." Gazing intently, she promised herself that she would certainly know the man if she saw him. Three months later she went to the York Street Wesleyan Church to look at William Taylor from California, and there was the prophet of her dream. Taylor was much puzzled to see this quiet Presbyterian woman steadily present at all his meetings which were for many months in and about Sydney, till afterward he learned the explanation from her, at her own dinner table.

It should not be supposed that the Australian campaign was sectarian in its aims and results. Taylor remarks poetically in his own chronicle that the revival tide flowed out through all the dykes and refreshed all the gardens, to give new vitality and growth to all the trees growing by the rivers of water." The altars were usually crowded with awakened sinners, and as they ac-

cepted Christ and obtained the regenerating witness they were conducted by class leaders to be introduced to the superintendent of the circuit, their names and addresses were taken, and each was encouraged in the direction of his own church preference. With the exception of the large centers he usually gave one week to a church, beginning on Sunday with his three services, emphasizing repentance and conversion till Wednesday night, emphasizing entire sanctification on Thursday night, having a grand rally to complete the harvest on Friday night, and resting on Saturday.

Outline Of The Campaign

It was "the ides of March," 1866, that was to end William Taylor's epoch making three years of evangelism in Australia. We record here somewhat chronologically a gist of his program as we are able to derive it from his own writings. We understand there is much of detail and many local campaigns entirely lost to record.

Consecutive campaigns in and around Melbourne, with multitudes of seekers and many saved. In the city of Geelong, where the Gospel net "brought up a great variety of fish." Many sinners were saved there, some notoriously bad ones, and the believers edified. At Castlemaine, Sandhurst, Golden Square and other mining towns, later including Kyneton, Kilmore, Beech-

worth and Albury." "A blessed work of God among sinners." Many miners and traders in those wild regions were also brought to God." An interesting and more thorough campaign followed at Ballarat, a principal city of that region, where he records entertainment in the lovely Christian home of the music composer J. A. Doane, well known today as the composer of the inspired music for nearly all of Fanny J. Crosby's beautiful hymns. In Taylor's first series there, of about three weeks, the pastor reported about five hundred people converted to God. Two theatres were closed for want of patronage. One was sold to a temperance organization. A week of successful meetings in Creswick, where Tom the Miner was saved. A series of meetings in Clunes, where there was a notable case of restitution, a result not uncommon among converts in the Australian campaign. A "blessed meeting" at Maryborough. A meeting at Scarsdale, with the conversion of a large group of souls, in the face of public and printed attacks from a local Church of England clergyman. An exchange took place between this gentleman and a Baptist layman in the "Greenville Advertiser," in which the opponent of "revivals and American revivalists" encountered some embarrassment, making it seem advisable to the bishop to move the rector. Hamilton came next, in the great sheep growing country, where

there was " a good work." Next came Portland, Belfast, Warnambool and other towns on the south coast, where they had "streams of blessing."

The Tasmania colony came in for a campaign about this time, beginning with a three weeks series in the Wesleyan church of the beautiful city of Launceston, one of the homes and places of business of Henry Reed, a wealthy layman, whose supernatural conversion years prior to that time is made a matter of lengthy record in Taylor's Autobiography; and who, residing at Turnbridge Wells, England, was afterward to be one of Taylor's best friends. Launceston had seen a great revival before the coming of Taylor. He pronounced his friend Reed "without any doubt or question the most successful soul-winner in the colony." There were "marvelous soul-saving results" in the Launceston campaign. The unifying social feature of this meeting, due to the temperament of the people, made an unusual experience for Taylor. The next jump, a long one, was across the island to Hobart. It was a larger city than Launceston, as it is today. There was a great work of grace there, as there was, following, in many of the smaller towns of Tasmania.

Big Things At Sydney

Finishing the work in Tasmania, Taylor held

another brief period of evangelistic meetings in Melbourne and passed on northward to Sydney, the metropolis of the continent, which he styles "the great commercial emporium of New South Wales." It was then two hundred thousand; it is now more than three times that large. The Rev. Stephen Rabone, Chairman of the Sydney District, opened the door for Taylor there and gave him his call. Captain P. W. Bowden, who had been Taylor's guest in San Francisco years before, entertained him in his own home at Sydney, as did his other good friend a physician and local preacher, Dr. Moffitt, "an Enniskillen Irishman," whose wife was soundly converted in Taylor's Sydney meetings. As at Melbourne, he began in the largest church, York Street Church, running two weeks. His labors in that city were for many months, with most interesting and wonderful results. Every Wesleyan chapel in and around the city received at least a week of his services and other denominations were quickened and enlarged. Summing up with Taylor's own estimate of the Sydny campaign: "The work of salvation among sinners, and of entire heart purity among the old Christians, was fully up to anything we had seen in the colony of Victoria." The three months in Sydney did not drag to an anti-climax. Ebenezer Vickery offered to pay fifteen hundred dollars toward the rent of a hall where people could come

in thousands instead of hundreds to hear Taylor. When it was found that the largest hall available, the Prince of Wales Theatre, would seat only two thousand, they solved their problem by going to Hyde Park. They dared to provide an elevated platform, and to invite the masses to accept standing room only. Elaborate lights were arranged, and audiences estimated from ten to seventeen thousand stood patiently under the clarion hymns and the gospel appeals of the man whose voice had first echoed in the market places of Baltimore, who had silenced the maddened throngs on the streets of primitive San Francisco, and who in recent months, under the unction of the Holy Spirit, had stirred Australia, from the forty-fourth to the thirty-fourth degree of latitude. The meetings embraced two Sunday afternoons and ten week nights. Each time, the audience was raked with a mighty exhortation and invited to make an inquiry room out of York Street Church, to which they repaired for the after services, finding there " a working force in readiness to instruct them in the way of righteousness and lead them to the Savior." It was a time of great awakening in the outer circles of society. Large numbers were saved as a result of this adventure, and among these were some notable sinners of striking personality. Following the impetus of the Sydney revival, Taylor con-

ducted meetings in most of the towns of New South Wales, and there was a rare contagion of enthusiasm in the cooperation of ministers and laymen everywhere. The meetings just following Sydney were across the mountains, at Bathhurst, and at Mudgee. The former place was remembered by another episode of opposition from a minister of a certain denomination who felt called to warn his people against going to hear "that California man." As usual, this was a good advertisement. The practical fruitfulness of Taylor's ministry was illustrated at Mudgee in the fact that he was instrumental in raising the money to clear a debt of fifteen thousand dollars on the chapel, which the church was not able to care for within its own membership alone. In that region he ministered in a successful chain of meetings at Goulburn, Kiama, Maitland, and other points, with many notable conversions, including that of two influential lawyers at Maitland who made their lives felt for Christianity after they came in contact with Taylor. His series in New South Wales closed with a course of lectures in York Street Church on "St. Paul and His Times," which he designated "Old facts in new forms." The freshness of his method of statement, together with the wonderful seal that had been upon his evangelistic labors, brought enthusiastic audiences to his lectures both in Sydney and Mel-

bourne. In those times he also developed a standard lecture on Palestine which was interesting and edifying.

Some High Pressure Journeys

Following his campaign in the environs of Sydney came his Queensland ministry. He passed from Sydney to Brisbane by steamer and immediately began a two weeks series which was marked by "an outpouring of the Spirit." After this, another long journey by steamer took him to Rockhampton, where he had a short but fruitful ministry. He witnessed something of the wilds of Australia on this journey. We give his record of an interesting diversion: "On the way up Mary River quite a number of Australian natives boarded our ship. A rope attached to the stern of the vessel was drawn along in the water for a distance of twenty or thirty yards and they one by one swam out into the stream away above us, and as the ship passed them they wached their chance to seize the rope. The advanced movement of the ship at the rate of six or seven knots per hour drew the black fellows under the water, so that they had to pull themselves one by one against the current with their heads under the water. It was a most difficult achievement. About half of them failed to get aboard. Those who pulled themselves hand over hand up under the

stern of the ship then readily climbed to the top and got aboard. They came aboard stark naked, but they were at once presented with a gunny bag for each one, and cutting a hole through the bottom, they passed their heads through and were thus rigged out in full costume in a few minutes. They were graceful in their movements, very polite, seemed quite jolly, and were very grateful for small favors. The little presents they received they tied onto their heads and jumped overboard, and were soon out of sight."

This hurried tour ended by his returning to Sydney, from whence he took ship to New Zealand, to redeem a promise of a year's standing. He arrived at Auckland Christmas morning, 1865. For a few weeks he conducted fruitful revivals in New Zealand, at Auckland, Nelson and Wellington, and in the Middle Island at Dunedin. At Wellington a man of some note published a series of letters against him in the daily papers, to which a friend of Taylor made reply. They were all given to Taylor in a package, but such was his interest that he never read them. It was a grim irony that this same man who attacked Taylor in the press went to war against the heathen Maoris and they captured him and cooked and ate him.

Follow-Up Campaigns

Returning to Sydney, Taylor spent a few more weeks in New South Wales and a few in Victoria, reviewing his work and edifying believers. The final field of his campaign in this southern world was South Australia, opening with revival services at Adeliade, where Mr. Waterhouse, formerly mentioned, was converted and became a millionaire philanthropist. His meetings were held first in the circuits of Adeliade. In all that splendid southern coast he had "the same hearty reception and cooperation by ministers and people" that he had in the other colonies where he had labored for more than two years and a half. Taylor's own diary gives a suitable epitome for our record: "I extended my evangelizing labors through all the towns of any note of South Australia, preaching the sound, simple Gospel which, through the Holy Spirit, was made the power of God unto the salvation of multitudes of those very interesting people."

The three annual sessions of the Australasian Conference which convened during the period of Taylor's labors in their territory reported a net increase in their churches of over eleven thousand members. While it would not be accurate to attribute all this to his labors, yet he was indirectly related to the entire forward movement, plus a mighty spiritual advance among thousands al-

ready holding church membership, and a definite growth in the membership of other Christian denominations.

The first Australian campaign closing in February, 1866, more than three years elapsed before Taylor's second and final great contribution to the Australasian world, which was a fourteen months' evangelistic series beginning at Sydney in May, 1869. The first African campaign, of only a few months, was to be attended with magic results that surpassed and surprised Taylor's faith. The correspondence of England's sons from Australia and South Africa those four years, with the faithful reports of the religious press, had made Taylor one of the most favorably advertised men in England. His return journey to Australia was to include his famous London Evangelistic Campaign with all the Wesleyan churches, together with his West Indies revival. No mighty warrior from the front was more worthily honored than Taylor in London and Taylor when he got back to Australia. His ministry gathered a new volume as fourteen months more of labor was given, "building up believers and widely extending the work." For several years after the first revival campaign the momentum was felt and the annual returns in membership with all the churches were especially marked. On his return to Australia he found that sixteen of the converts

of his former revival had entered the regular ministry and several had become lay or local preachers.

The final weeks of the first Australian campaign were marked with peculiar suffering and anxiety. Four long years had elapsed since he had seen his little family, of which he was excessively fond. There had been some correspondence with reference to their joining him in Sydney and making the trip back home with him, by way of India, where he hoped to render a short service with the English speaking people. Preaching through interpreters had no standing with him at that time. The project, as he thought, had been given up. They were to wait for him in California. But the impulsiveness of Mrs. Taylor asserted itself in keeping with her fine intuition, and, without time to give notice, she had found passage on a slow sailing wheat ship which, after long and perilous sailing, had brought her and her three sons to Sydney, to the home of their faithful friend, Dr. Moffitt. The children were Morgan Stuart, Ross and Edward K. They arrived in good health and cheer, and telegraphed the father in the midst of his South Australian campaign. He commented two years later: "I had travelled east, and they west, and having compassed the globe, we were now, by the mercy of God, on the eve of a meeting in those ends of the

earth. That was one of the few nights of my life that sleep departed from my eyes. Surprise, and joy, and gratitude to God, combined, so filled my heart, that sleep was sought in vain."

A variety of extreme emotions must now rack his nerves. Four days later, as he was approaching the time when he could detach himself and go to Sydney, they telegraphed that his firstborn, Stuart, then about eighteen years old, was thought to be dying with fever, and that he would have to hasten, to see him alive. This news was the more distressing because he was one thousand miles away, and there would be no more steamers till the next week. The anguish of the intervening days is recorded in the opening pages of his first African book. This providence was to change his course from India to Africa, under the physician's advice that he should take his convalescing son to South Africa to save his life. He was to return from Sydney and give a few more weeks to the miners of South Australia. The son became hardy in a few months, confided freely with his father about his spiritual condition, witnessed the surprising and marvellous beginnings of his father's African ministry, shared ardently in it as an instructor of penitents, and, riding a pony, accompanied his father in his first tour across the pagan kingdoms of the dark continent.

PART V.

GOOD HOPE

It is a curious fact that the field associated in history with William Taylor's greatest achievements, the field where he first touched heathenism and learned to preach through an interpreter, where he got his titles of "bishop" and "firebrand" and was to see the climax of his life work, was not in his plans. The indications are that his plans were persistently to the contrary; and that when providence thrust him to the shore of Africa as one cast up, he entertained no purpose to preach to the black man. He probably expected after a brief campaign of evangelism in the English speaking towns of the East Coast to go his way and never see Africa again. India was in his thought, but we doubt if he expected a ministry in India beyond the English speaking people, until his spirit was fired by the events that occurred in Africa.

The Big White Brother

As the sickness of his eldest son had driven him to South Africa, he had reason to plan the prolonging of his stay in those coasts awaiting the arrival of the seventh child of the family, Henry Reed, whom he playfully called Africanus, and to wait till Henry Reed, born in the latter days of August, 1866, and his mother, would be able to continue their projected journey back to England. But other reasons accumulated as he warmed up to his campaign, so that he was not to get away till late in October. About seven months was to comprise the labors covered in the first chapter of African history in the life of this ex-Virginian who in the minds of the black men of all the world still ranks as an outstanding apostle to the Negro race.

If he did not stay in America to fight for the freedom of the black slaves who were the storm center of the war of the sixties, he did initiate a dispensation for the emancipation of their brothers in the bush from a slavery more terrible than the bondage of the cotton fields; and to this enterprise he was to give the force of his dramatic personality to the close of his years of effective service, and out beyond those years, when the General Conference had ordered his retirement, his powerful passion, born in 1866, was to carry

him forward in labors of love till faltering feet should warn him that his work was done.

No steamers plied between Australia and South Africa. It was a forty-one days journey for the Taylors on the ship St. Vincent, the passage from Adeliade costing about one thousand dollars. They arrived at Cape Town, Friday, March 30, 1866, with the winter of the southern hemisphere ahead of them. Thus early in its history Cape Town, the first settlement of which dates back to 1652, was a mighty city of nearly half a million people. The family took quarters in the Park Hotel at a cost of twelve dollars a day till they could get their bearings. After about a week he found a more economical boarding place.

Conservative Days In Cape Town

Days of solicitude following years of lonely toil and finally compensated by the sweets of a perfect human fellowship have a tendency to flatten a giant, as regards the stamina necessary for superior achievement. At the close of his Australian campaign, for the first time we find our iron man recording on various occasions that he was very tired. We may blame Cape Town or we may lay it to the lassitude of a forty days sea voyage with his wife and the well earned treatment of his frayed nerves, but his first efforts in Africa, the nine days evangelistic cam-

paign in Burg Street Wesleyan Chapel, Cape Town, made little change in the small church attendance that was unfortunately customary in that city, and resulted in achievements that attracted no special comment, there being about twenty-one conversions. There were persons in the city and in all the coasts, however, who were longing for a revival of religion. Rev. Andrew Murray, a product of that region, then a younger man than Taylor, who was shining in the light of the senior Andrew Murray's reputation, but who was destined to loom large in his ministry all over the world, received a contribution from William Taylor's life at this juncture. Mr. Murray was a member of the Dutch Reformed Church in Southern Africa, and Taylor was attracted to him, styling him "a liberal and thoroughly evangelical man." Murray was present in a meeting where Taylor had his first contact with the general church life of Cape Town, the anniversary meeting of the Wesleyan Sunday Schools. They had Taylor speak on a theme where he always shined: "The Gospel doctrine of having all the children converted and trained for God." Taylor's address stirred the spirit of exhortation in Andrew Murray. In that meeting one good man dwelt upon the golden past in the spiritual life of Cape Town. Seventeen years before, in 1849, Cape Town had had a revival, with fifty conversions.

It must not be supposed that it took William Taylor even the nine days at Burg Street Chapel to come back to his mettle. By the closing of that series the community felt itself in the grip of that magic and mighty evangelizing energy that had transformed Australia. Altars were crowded with seekers who had not had time to come out into the clear, and the evangelist pulled away from the unfinished task with great reluctance, for an errand which was to lure him on with such romantic surprises that he would not return in time to renew his Cape Town ministry. This errand proved to be his evangelistic tour a thousand miles up the east coast and to some of the interior tribes. Failure to have started at the time he did would have delayed him a month, waiting for another boat. The student of the subject is almost heart sick because he can not record a sweep of salvation and popular success for Taylor in Cape Town analogous to his record in Melbourne and Sydney; but that city was older. It had passed the moulding period. Its church life was sophisticated, and rendered less responsive to the hammer and fire of evangelism by its conservative Dutch psychology and its sacerdotal type of church life.

Uninviting as Africa had seemed for Taylor's talent as he viewed it from Australia, the outlook for an inspiring field became less rosy when he

made his survey of Cape Town. He had believed that he could find six months of evangelistic work, but it appeared upon closer inspection that he could work the patch in three months. He learned that the constituency which he could hope to find primed for a message such as his in the Western Province was black and talked Dutch, with the exception of a small minority. He learned that there were only four points on the east coast where he could get a congregation of any size that could understand his message. He would have to travel five hundred miles, to Natal, for two of these.

"Welcome To South Africa"

On his last night in Cape Town, however, in time to get the most favorable impression of his ministry to take to England and to echo back to the Eastern Province, came Rev. William Impey, enroute to England. Mr. Impey, a veteran of seven years, was chairman of the Graham's Town District, and a commanding figure in the church life of South Africa. He brought to Taylor the keys to his circuit, and "a cordial welcome to South Africa" on behalf of the ministers of his district. They had heard of him through their correspondence with relatives and fellow churchmen in Australia. They knew he had landed on African soil, and there seemed to be an undefined hope

that as something big had attended his ministry in Australia something good would come from his visit to Africa.

An old colored man in America has the credit for inventing the beatitude, "Blessed is he that expects nothing, for he shall not be disappointed." This seems to be the state of mind of the Rev. John Richards, the Wesleyan Superintendent at Port Elizabeth, where Taylor quietly stepped off of a ship on the afternoon of Saturday, April 21, 1866, after a voyage that had been retarded a day by adverse winds. He had sailed from Cape Town on Wednesday. This does not mean that there was the first element of unfriendliness in Taylor's new host. He was down at the ship to meet him, and took him to his home. The minister had a first class obsession of chronic discouragement, for many reasons. On the morrow the Catholics were to promote an excitement in the city in the ceremonies for the opening of a newly completed church, and the Independents were to install a new minister. Moreover, Mr. Richards was in a cowed condition of mind because the trustees sometime previously had overruled his counsel to keep pace with the progress of the city and build a new church. This failure had lost them a good congregation and almost caused the church to be afflicted with an inferiority complex. They had an antiquated chapel that seated

about four hundred people in a bustling city of nearly twelve thousand, the majority of whom were English-speaking white people. It was too late to execute Taylor's suggestion to circulate handbills, but the minister agreed to walk around and invite people. Taylor, always active, volunteered to join him. Overhearing his timid announcements that "a stranger will preach for us tomorrow," Taylor tried to invigorate the impressions by allowing himself to be introduced as they went along. But the poor man introduced him as "Rev. Mr. Taylor who has been preaching recently at the Cape." He could easily have said California Taylor, or the man who moved Australia with an awakening revival of three years duration; and he would have said some enthusiastic things if it had been a few weeks later, when he and his family received a mighty spiritual baptism, caught the Taylor enthusiasm, and followed the evangelist for many miles to his other meetings. "Dear me," said Taylor to himself, "if I have no greater prestige than I gained at the Cape, it will not fill our little chapel tomorrow." He had already gone around and taken the measure of the chapel.

While the work of the first Sabbath was abruptly closed at 9:15 p.m. by the superintendent, "with Brother Taylor's consent," half a dozen people out of the goodly number forward for

prayer had found peace with God, and the minister and his wife, surprised beyond measure, especially at the class of people who had been reached, upbraided themselves for their little faith. From half a church full at the first service Sunday morning the increase was constant in each succeeding service at the main hours; and the fewest conversions of any day were on the first day. While there were no sensational achievements, and the local results were no more than of an average efficient evangelist, it was a sure nail driven in the interest of future African developments under William Taylor. He was well sold to John Richards, whose faithful pen, as a correspondent with leaders of other centers in South Africa, was to widen the open doors. Those who received the epistles of the superintendent of Port Elizabeth were supplied with advertising material and did not have to say, "a stranger will preach for us."

The Gist Of The Campaign

The busy man will ask, What are the big things in the first chapter of Taylor-in-Africa? (1) The thorough conversion and, excepting where they already had church membership, the examination and enlistment of 7,937 souls in seven months. Of these, 1,200 were white colonists. The balance were native Africans. (2) Large

numbers of staid church members and ministers definitely baptized with the Holy Spirit and their usefulness doubled. (3) A new pattern of evangelism given and a momentum of Gospel activity set going that was to result in the addition of souls to the kingdom of Christ in the colonies for the ensuing era. (4) The acquiring by Taylor of the art of preaching through an interpreter with results second only to the results of his direct preaching, and sometimes greater, a preparation which was to open up new worlds to the Gospel salesman and result in the conversion of unnumbered thousands under many skies who might not have been reached. (5) The virtual creation of the idea of native evangelism. One magazine bore this statement: "The effect of Taylor's visit upon the local preachers is wonderful, and they are six times as efficient as they were before."

Scarcely could a seminary or school of prophets have given to Charles Pamla, Taylor's main interpreter, the training he got by Taylor's private lessons in psychology and logic, which our pioneer thought should be made primary subjects for the adult mind, and by having Taylor put through him those sermons which before his own amazed eyes resulted in the conversion of scores and, in a few instances, hundreds of souls. Writing to Taylor during the campaign, Rev. Robert Lamplough, a foremost authority in the leadership

of work among the heathen, said that Charles Pamla, had, after leaving Taylor, been the means of the conversion of about three hundred souls in six weeks. "It seems to me," said this veteran, "that God is plainly showing the church that this is the instrumentality that he intends to employ in converting this continent." Taylor observed in a record made soon after he ended this first African visit that a certain circumstance occurred under his interpreter "that God might show to the old missionary and to the Pondo nation, in the person of Charles Pamla, what kind of agents he designs to employ in the evangelization of the tribes of Africa, a thing that none of them believed before, or could doubt afterwards. I was glad to step aside and yield the palm to my sable brother." At first intoxicated and overjoyed by the miraculous success he had in preaching to the heathen through an interpreter, Taylor prayed that God would allow him "to remain, at least a few years," as he expressed it, "to lead a victorious host of native evangelists into the interior of Africa;" "but", he continued, "I now saw that God would answer my prayer indirectly, by giving my mantle to my Elisha, and take me away, if not to heaven, to some other part of his vast dominions, where he may have greater use for me."

High Spots In The Series

For the sake of a record, we give here an approximate outline of William Taylor's first itinerary in Africa. Brief campaigns in Cape Town and in Port Elizabeth as formerly described. Following the latter there was "a deep and general awakening" in the week's meeting at Uitenhage, where Dutch conservatism showed up with some amusing but futile protests against Taylor's aggressive methods. One indignant Dutchman rushed up the aisle at Taylor's first altar service shouting, "How dare you introduce such blasphemous proceedings in this town?" Another, with more gentle method, in the next altar service, as Taylor was instructing penitents in a subdued tone, wrote him a note: "The Rev. Mr. Taylor will oblige by not interfering with the devotions of this meeting by his audible conversation."

Graham's Town, one of the principal second class cities, came next, as the scene of a three weeks' campaign. The circumstances of the opening were much like those at Melbourne. The first Sabbath, May 13, found him on a line parallel with his line of entering Australia. He had the same grand text on the Sabbath morning, with him a favorite opening slogan in Christian communities: "But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you, and ye shall be

witnesses unto me." It was a set back to the expectations of Taylor and those who knew him when in that church, Commemoration Chapel, seating eight hundred, no one was forward for prayer the first Sunday night. But the pent-up convictions broke forth Monday night, when more than thirty seekers came forward; and so it went, with increasing fervor and fruitfulness, for the three weeks. Taylor attributed his first night's failure in part to poor ventilation, which he had them provide against by an alteration the next day. Taylor lived in a day when the school readers contained the words,

"Twas God that made the little fly;
But if you pinch it it will die.
My mother tells me God has said,
We must not hurt what God has made;"

but he was ahead of his time in practical ideas of hygiene, and had sufficient audacity to step on the reactionaries when an issue was vital.

The Graham's Town revival swept on after Taylor was gone. The editor of the Tri-weekly Journal, who was Taylor's host in the city, wrote him of the conversion of a hundred Kaffirs who could not speak English, as a by-product of the revival. As yet, Taylor's hopes and enthusiasm had not kindled on that line. Commenting on native work in Graham's Town he said in his own record:

"I did not work among them, except to preach one sermon through an interpreter, and found it a very slow business." It was there that he met Rev. Thomas Guard, an Irishman, whom he styled the Apollos of Southern Africa. We get a bit of Taylor's insight and his classical discrimination in his comment upon the effects of the oratory of this spiritual and eloquent Christian leader: "He succeeded better in stirring the romantic and poetic elements of man's nature, and in feasting the intellect, than in arousing the conscience and leading sinners to repentance." Members of Parliament and people of high rank waited upon Taylor's ministry in this city, as well as people of lowly estate.

Next came King William's Town, of similar rank with Graham's Town, and the results were similar. Indeed the results were wonderful, as reported by a witness whose independent record we are permitted to consult, although Taylor's sojourn there was not quite as long as at Graham's Town, and the first half week his record tells us he was suffering an attack of influenza. Such attacks never sent him to bed nor stopped him from work. We might have anticipated his approaching attack of cold from the last words of the ensuing quotation.

Taylor was always appreciative of nature and awake to his surroundings, and his journals

are replete with description of the beauties of the lands through which he travelled. Here is a sample, based upon his seventy mile drive from Graham's Town to King William's Town:

" Much of our route lay through a broken, rocky country, all the way hilly, with the usual variety of deep gorges, little creeks, precipices and cliffs, rich grassy ranges, and patches of African jungle, with their peculiar intermixture of aloes, and the euphorbia tree. We saw one deer on the route; met many scores of wagons, drawn by the finest oxen I have ever seen; we saw in the distance too, many Kaffir huts, and passed a very few houses of colonial settlers. Brother Penn is an old colonist; has been in the Kaffir wars; has had a great variety of experience, and entertained me all the way with marvelous narratives, illustrating colonial life; while I enjoyed them very much, I was too weary to note them."

Taylor's New Gift Of Tongues

King William's Town became celebrated in Taylor's memory as the place where the new birth of his preaching power began. Robert Lamplough was his prophet. Lamplough, with three other missionary hardies from twenty-five miles out in heathendom came to King William's Town on foot, Wednesday, June 6. They were heralded by a running Kaffir, who announced excitedly that

four missionaries were "in the path," making signs that they would arrive just after the sun passed the meridian. The impression felt by the evangelist as they arrived is given in his words:

"I was, therefore, very glad to meet with Brother Lamplough; but could not anticipate the glorious results of our acquaintance with each other. He expressed his deep regret that I had arranged to spend but one night on his station. Having no hope of working successfully through an interpreter, my plan of appointments, extending then more than one month in advance, was confined to the English work, except this one night for Annshaw, which I have given more in deference to Brother Lamplough, of whom I had heard so much, than from any hope of doing much good to his people."

We are now about to note the epoch making event in Taylor's life, when heaven intervened by a signal pentecost to make clear to him that he had a ministry in this world to others besides the Angles of the dispersion. We will first look at the magic black man, Charles Pamla, one of the first native South Africans allowed to enter the Christian ministry; the man sent of God, as it were, to lead our Moses into the wilderness. Let Taylor describe him:

"He is about six feet high, muscular, well-

proportioned, but lean; quite black, with a fine display of ivory; good craniological development, regular features, very pleasant expression, logical cast of mind, sonorous powerful voice. He is the man whom God appointed, through the instrumentality of Brother Lamplough, to open for me an effectual door of utterance to the heathen."

In those days the magazine known as "Wesleyan Missionary Notices" published a cross section of Charles Pamla's religious experience which he had naively given in a personal letter to Rev. William Shaw on June 1, 1866, the last day of Taylor's King William's Town campaign, whither Charles had come for spiritual instruction: The following quotation from this expression of the black man will afford an insight to his conscientious and mystical soul:

"Since I came to Annshaw, by reading Wesley's Sermons, I was convinced to seek after entire sanctification, and since last District-Meeting I have been praying for it, and trusting to obtain it. I had a sure trust, that through the blood of Christ I would obtain the blessing promised to those who come to Christ by faith. About a month ago, one morning very early, I went to pray for the same thing, entire sanctification; and while I was praying and trusting in the blood of Christ, I felt a small voice speaking through my soul, saying, 'It is done, receive the blessing.' The

first thing I felt was ease from the different kinds of thoughts, ease from the world, and from all cares of the flesh. I felt the Spirit filling my soul, and immediately I was forced to say in my soul, 'For me to live is Christ.' And I gave up my body, soul, thoughts, words, time, property, children, and everything that belongs to me, to the Lord, to do as He pleases."

The Service That Made The World Evangelist

At that time it was estimated that a million African natives spoke the Kaffir language. It was therefore a significant field in which to give a new impetus to evangelism. Annshaw was a well established mission station founded by the Wesleyans forty years before. Christian and heathen natives lived side by side, and the Kaffir chief Kama, a Christian, lived about three hundred yards from their chapel. The chapel seated about six hundred. Before the service, Taylor rehearsed his sermon to Charles Pamla. The sensible African brought the preacher down to a new level in his English. Taylor had a natural gift in the use of English which made him mighty in speech. His power to invoke figures of speech was sometimes dramatic. But it appears that in the first half of his ministry there was at times a stilted loftiness in his rhetoric that involved the use of some large words and formal composition. Charles

Pamla introduced a new era in Taylor's rhetoric. Through him Taylor discovered the futility of trying to run idioms through an interpreter, and the necessity for caution in the use of figurative language. Charles was asked if he thought he could put Taylor's sermons into Kaffir which he had heard at King William's Town. His answer was: "No, Mr. Taylor, I think I could not. I understood most of it, but I can only interpret low English, and you speak high English." Taylor had never heard of these two kinds of English, and was not sure that he could receive this as a compliment. He there made up his mind to study low English, which he did, successfully, with Charles to aid him in checking up and deleting his skyward rhetoric. In turn, Taylor taught Charles a valuable lesson on being natural in his speech. At first the Kaffir thought this meant he should not talk loud. Taylor told him it was all right for a preacher to talk loud if he knew the right time to do so. "I replied," said Taylor, "The scream of a mother, on seeing her child fall into a well, is as natural as her lullaby in the nursery. God hath given us every variety of vocal power and intonation adapted to express every variety of the soul's emotions, from the softest whispers, like the mellow murmurs of the rippling rill, up to the thundering, crashing voices of the cataract. I

however, put it into 'low English,' so that he understood me perfectly."

The historic hour came at 4:00 P.M., Thursday, June 14, 1866. Lamplough opened with singing and prayer. Taylor stood on the small pulpit and Charles Pamla on the top step, at his left. Every square foot of space, aisles and all, was crowded with natives. The heathen were painted with red ochre, the people of the mission were in European dress. Next to the wall, by the side of Chief Kama, sat a visiting Fingo chief, the uncle of the interpreter. He was "a hardened old heathen, with about a dozen wives." Comes now the famous text: "Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you." For one hour and a quarter, in profound silence, the heathen heard Taylor preach to the believers. The silence was "rendered awful in solemnity by the deep consciousness that every one seemed to feel of the presence of a power which, like a slumbering earthquake would soon break forth in manifest grandeur. After a season of silent prayer, at the close of the discourse, silent for a time, but slightly interrupted by the uncontrollable emotions of the people, we dismissed the assembly to give a little time for refreshment and reflection before the evening service."

After a hasty tea, the preacher went alone with his interpreter and prepared for the eight

o'clock service, at which he preached to sinners from the text, "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked." The audience was about the same. The faces of the believers were beginning to beam, and they could see distortion in the features of sinners. "The tearful eyes of both, all in solemn silence before the Lord, and the voices of His prophets, presented altogether a scene which neither painter nor poet can describe; and yet, to be felt and witnessed, was to receive an impression never to be effaced while memory endures."

Taylor then sang,

"Sinners, hastening down to ruin,
Why will ye die?
Jesus is your souls pursuing,
Why will ye die?"

He paused at the singing of each line to let Charles translate its thought. An inspiration got hold of the dark interpreter, and by the time they reached the second verse Charles was translating it in the same tune, though he had never heard it before. The ministers present who knew both languages thought it "the result of an extraordinary inspiration of the Holy Spirit." On this Taylor gives the sane comment: "But I believe the Spirit's work on the whole occasion was perfectly adjusted to the human conditions employed,

and did not miraculously rise above, or suspend any physical law."

When the invitation was given at least two hundred penitents were on their knees. "There was no loud screaming of any one above the rest, but their pent up emotions now found vent in audible prayers, sighs, groans, and floods of tears." After they had prayed about fifteen minutes Mr. Lamplough suggested that they be allowed to scatter out and seek alone by the river side. He had been told by older missionaries that if they were allowed to give way to their feelings they would run into wild extravagance. But Taylor explained that since it was not an affair of purely human excitement, and since the Holy Spirit was obviously at work, instead of sending them out in the night to take cold they had better keep them together and hold a watch with them. "They are emotional beings to be sure," said the evangelist, "and have not the same control of their feelings as the mass of Europeans; but all the noise of this occasion is in beautiful harmony with all the facts in their case." After this brief conversation, Lamplough came to Taylor's view of it. Seventy souls professed to find remission that night. In the three services, all that he had time to conduct, there were one hundred and fifteen that gave satisfactory evidence of saving faith. These were examined and their names and

addresses recorded. Taylor received a letter after he passed on, stating that one hundred and sixty five more found peace and were enrolled within half a week, making two hundred and eighty. A letter that he received from Lamplough dated July 9 ran the total of conversions to about six hundred. "I felt an indescribable joy," said Taylor, "not simply on account of the great work of God in the salvation of the Kaffirs, which was an occasion of great joy to 'the angels of God,' but especially because the spell that bound me within the lines of my native language was broken. I could now preach effectively through an interpreter, and the heathen world seemed suddenly opened to my personal enterprise, as an ambassador for Christ."

Mr. Lamplough, a sober and thoughtful Englishman, later appraised the day's work in these words: "Never was such a work seen among the natives of Kama's tribe before, and I question whether there has ever been such a work for power and rapidity in this country before." Such was the momentum that to keep the supply of seekers they had to send out every day for fresh batches of heathens and formalists from the outstations; and these would "very soon enter liberty."

The Feeling Of A New Dawn

Fort Beaufort, then a city of thirteen thousand, some fifty miles inland, was the scene of the next campaign. The cumulative effects of the meetings at the various other centers were now beginning to appear in a tide of interest along the coast. The unprecedented evangelistic holocaust among the natives at Annshaw had caused the feeling to go abroad that a new day was dawning in the program of Christ's kingdom. With an ardor akin to apostolic times, some large delegations made their way from where the former meetings had been held to enjoy the meeting at Fort Beaufort. It took one party three days to make the trip from Graham's Town in an ox-wagon. The editor of the Tri-weekly News came and brought his family. Taylor's record gives more than twenty prominent names in the party of visitors. "The people of Fort Beaufort were greatly astonished, not knowing of anything like the Derby races to attract such a multitude, and some would hardly believe that they had left their business and travelled so far, to be on expense at the hotels for days, purely for spiritual purposes." At one of the hotels they were allowed to have prayers morning and evening. Later, the hotel keeper and his wife asked to come in to prayers. This afterward resulted in the conversion of the hotel man and his giving up the "canteen," the

hotel bar. It became a temperance hotel.

One Mr. James Roberts, coming with the Graham's Town party, entered into the conscious victory of the new birth at Fort Beaufort while listening to Taylor's lecture on "St. Paul and his Times." "He," said Taylor, "became a man of providence in connection with my mission among the Kaffirs." Mr. Roberts was to provide the conveyance and personally conduct a four hundred mile journey through Kaffir land north-eastward to Natal, a journey which the evangelist decided to take instead of going by sea for his Natal campaign. At this time Taylor wrote to Cape Town for his nineteen year old son, Stuart, now recovered from his serious Australian sickness, to join him for the adventure in heathendom. Stuart joined him and became an ardent helper in instructing and praying with penitents. It gave Taylor the one beautiful opportunity of his lifetime to renew his acquaintance and have heart to heart talks with his firstborn.

The Peak Of Revival Power

On the 19th and 21st of June, while Taylor was in his Fort Beaufort campaign, the miracle of Annshaw was eclipsed in two services among the Kaffirs at a native center called Heald Town, six miles from Fort Beaufort. He preached through an inexperienced interpreter providenti-

ally provided, whom he had only a few minutes to instruct. Two five hour services were conducted in the two days, which resulted in the conversion of three hundred and six natives and ten whites. The services swept on like a veritable avalanche. Nothing in all the 1866 tour of Africa fired Taylor's soul for the dark continent like the two days at Heald Town, when heaven and earth seemed literally to come together. "The awful presence and melting power of the Holy Spirit on this occasion," said Taylor, "surpassed anything I have ever witnessed." It reminded him of the record of creation's morning when "the Spirit moved upon the face of the waters." It was indeed the peak of his experiences in Africa for the year, and possibly the two greatest days' work he did in all his life. Surely the caravan of visitors who had come from the coast for soul food and service had something to take back with them that they could tell to coming generations.

Mr. Templer, a native teacher, lifted to sublime feelings as he witnessed the climax of the work at Heald Town with three hundred conversions in two services, though not a poet, wrote an elaborate poem which included references to Taylor. We quote two verses as a specimen:

"He saw a motley throng before him rise,
Whose blood 'neath skins of various hues did
run;

Yet souls alike redeem'd with highest price--
The precious blood of God's beloved Son.

"His voice, 'like trumpet loud,' God's law
declar'd,
On Sinai given, was 'holy, just, and good':
With this, the lives of old and young compar'd,
And then their guilt in crimson colours stood."

Taylor journeyed a hundred and fifty miles onward by private conveyance to Cradock, ministering as he went at Adeliade, Bedford, and Somerset, with notable events and a goodly number of conversions along the way. At Cradock he met with "deep but not very discriminating prejudice" of the white colonists against the native colored people, merited in part by some treacheries on the part of the natives. This had operated seriously against the success of the Gospel.

Less than a week in Cradock netted more than three hundred conversions in a three sided ministry, to the English speaking, the Dutch and the Kaffirs. One open air meeting, in the court back of the mission house, was more impressive if possible than the Heald Town meeting, if not quite equal in results. Two interpreters stood at his side, Dutch and Kaffir, and his penitents in the hours following a most unctuous

preaching service were of English, Dutch and Kaffir. The irrepressible mourning was as if some mysterious angel had stood and shot arrows into their spirits. Taylor said: "To try to describe any of those occasions of the outpourings of the Spirit is like trying to describe the lightnings of heaven."

Adventure In Pure Heathenism

From Cradock, Taylor moved eighty miles to Queen's Town, whence he was followed by visitors from various parts of the colony. Five days of work here, beginning July 5, netted a hundred bright conversions among the colonists, besides some very fruitful work among the natives. Here his English-speaking campaign was to end, till it should be resumed in Natal two months later; and his three traveling companions, James Roberts, his benefactor, Stuart Taylor, his son, and Charles Pamla, his interpreter, joined him for a two months adventure in pure heathenism, a circuit through Kaffir land.

This first itinerary through a primitive land did not lead to many unopened paths. Here and there were oases in the desert into which sturdy missionaries of the Wesleyan Church had been working their way for half a century. But many of the vast sections traversed were virgin fields, where the gospel fell upon ears which had never heard it before. The scenes were not unlike some

we have described, in their demonstrations of the convicting and saving energy of the gospel. Always, a greater work was accomplished at centers where some patient, tactful witness of the Cross had let his light shine and prepared the field.

On their journey they encountered disorder and war between the tribes, calling for Taylor's diplomatic touch, in preaching and in personal dealing; rugged roads and dangerous fords and mountain passes lay in the way of the history making company; but souls were saved by scores and hundreds at certain centers, like Butterworth, Clarksbury, Morley, Shawbury, Osborne, Emfundisweni and Palmerston, where they were able to get audiences together.

In the Osborne region they adopted Taylor's new publicity plan. Taylor with other companions on horseback would ride up to a kraal and call to them saying, "Bring out all your men, women and children and we will sing you a song about the country above." This unusual stroke would rush the audience. The visitors would sing and ride away to another kraal, while Charles Pamla, the Kaffir interpreter, would remain behind and announce that the new emfundisi from over the sea would preach at the station that day at noon and "he wants all of you to come and hear the good news he has to tell." This brought an im-

mense audience that no chapel could hold, to hear Taylor in the open air, preach upon "The Unknown God," with powerful results in the after service.

The simple hymn, "The Eden Above," introduced by Taylor and popularized in Australasia, struck a responsive chord in the African heart as it was translated into Kaffir:

"We are bound for the land of the pure and the holy,
The home of the happy, the kingdom of love.
Ye wanderers from God in the broad road of folly,
O say, will you go to the Eden above?"

It was on this tour, at Clarksbury, that Taylor received his African name; begun, as was expected, by some native, and soon popularized everywhere: Isi-kun-isi-Vutayo; the firebrand. Literally rendered, the burning fire stick. The analogy was appropriate. This was an instrument used in that region to burn the dead grass and weeds from the landscape, destroying parasites and opening the space for the green carpets of pasturing grass.

The Cost Of Originality

As is always the case when an evangelist goes to a non-Christian land, those who had preceded Taylor had much to say in the nature of

advice on how to do his work. Usually it is wise for the new man to take guidance from the more experienced missionary. It is imperative that he do so and fatal for him to refuse if he comes without experience and expects to unite in the program. Taylor's case was different. A born leader, and a pioneer by nature, he subscribed to the plans of his contemporaries if those plans would get results. If they would not, he politely discarded them. In a few instances, in the older lands, this originality produced resentment and criticism of which symptoms may occasionally be seen in the literature coming down from those times. At one time he encountered a shower of criticism from churchmen in the American press upon his return from a triumphant campaign in one of the great mission fields, which was met by the Methodist historian John F. Hurst, then an editor, but later a bishop, who compared his fellow editors who attacked Taylor to a bunch of sparrows pecking at an eagle. The moral was that one whose life is mediocre in its consequence needs to exercise some modesty in criticising a man's way of doing things, when his ministry results in such stupendous fruitage.

In his idea of advertising the meetings, in his idea of ventilating the church, in his policy of precipitating epochal conversions, in his plan of letting the natives who were convicted of sin sob

it through at an altar of prayer, Taylor had been favored by the South African leaders. Not having time to study Kaffir language, he had made an arduous study of Kaffir customs, Kaffir psychology, and Kaffir history as the Kaffirs had it. This gave color and orientation to his sermons. At Morley he undertook to forego his own convictions and follow the idea of the missionary leaders by shortening his sermon to half an hour and then having a little recess and a kind of round table talk to draw them out, followed by another half hour of preaching. A great opportunity was sacrificed in this method, at which the king and his counsellors and an important audience were present. The king rebuked a loud mouthed counsellor who did not believe in a future state, and the counsellor, sensitive, left the meeting. The preacher found by test that his theory was correct—the more gospel he could give a heathen audience in one sermon the better was his chance for conviction and salvation.

All Men Have Brains

At Osborne, in August, he began in a larger way his plan of giving the heathen a full message. He files in his record the outline of a sermon which begins with God and creation in Genesis and concludes with Christ's ascension and the coming or promise of the Holy Spirit, propound-

ing in simple form a marvellous mass of material covering the rise of the chosen people, the ten commandments, the prophecies of Christ's coming, the facts of his birth, his preaching, his passion and sacrificial death, the meaning of sin, repentance, justification, salvation, the soul and the future state. He concluded by testifying and exhorting them to submit themselves to God.

Taylor's emphasis upon man as an intelligent being established a contact in his ministry that largely offset the tendency to wild extravagance and meaningless emotionalism in his uncultured audiences. In his English speaking congregations his altar services were marked with an awe-inspiring quietness. The screaming bedlam with a score of people trying to lead the audience in prayer at the same time never lasted long under Taylor's generalship. Usually, individuals and audiences try to measure up to what they are convinced that the preacher expects in them. One of the chief lessons that William Taylor taught to Christendom's leadership in his day was that man was a reasonable, self respecting being, with reactions very similar, whether he be in erudite Boston or at Annshaw, Africa. When we study Taylor's mode of treating the so-called heathen and examine the content of his preaching it dawns upon us that we have been confusing intelligence and information as if they

were the same; that in enlightened lands there is often a low level of intelligence coupled with a high degree of information, whereas in unenlightened lands there may be a large amount of potential intelligence with which we fail to reckon because we mistake for mental incompetency their utter lack of information and their non-possession of the terms with which we are accustomed to reason. Man, made in the image of God, was great everywhere in Taylor's estimation. He coined the slogan, "There are no heathen babies." Coupled with unbounded patience and inherent admiration or reverence for the people to whom he preached he had a genius for putting them into possession of the terms in which he reasoned, of even building up in them a moral sense and a conscience to which presently he would be able to appeal. In all these facts, as well as in the supernatural anointing with which Taylor was fitted for his task by the One that called him, we may expect to find the secret of his marvellous success.

Natal Opens Its Doors

On Friday, September 7, 1866, Taylor and his party broke through again into civilization, arriving that evening at Pietermaritzburg, the capital of Natal, where there was to be nearly a month and a half of ministering that would re-

quire a larger statesmanship, and a resourcefulness with which Taylor was very well fitted.

In five weeks, more than a thousand souls found an experience of grace under the ministry of William Taylor and his helper in the colony of Natal. The centers covered in their evangelism were, Indaleni, Pietermaritzburg (Maritzburg), Edendale, D'Urban and Verulam. The campaign was a double header. Charles Pamla had graduated into an evangelistic preacher of such proportion that he could lead out on his own account in the meetings for the natives. Taylor preached for the natives through his interpreter only five times in the five weeks. He found in Natal a color line and race prejudice that made native evangelism a problem less simple than it was in the primitive fields.

Among The Highbrows

Natal had the bee of intellectual progressiveness in its bonnet at that time. This made it a good soil for so called progressive ideas in religion which too often are regressive. A certain Bishop Colenso, who occupied the field for the Episcopal Church, was anticipating modern Biblical criticism with an attack upon the authority of the Bible and "the idolatry of the Bible" which was rather crude, but which had enough point to it to make it go with many who were not anchored

in religious faith. A more grievous fault in Bishop Colenso was his disparagement of the person of Christ, which led to views upon sin and redemption that were dangerously frivolous. He apologized for polygamy, and proposed to concede standards which so simplified the requirements for the dusky aristocrats of Kaffir land to become Christians that they might as well stick to their old paths, which, with the concession of Kaffir beer and polygamy, were no broader than the Christian way, and a little more homelike to them. Bishop Colenso admitted that he was quite a learned scholar; and the simple hearted colonists, including Taylor, seemed to believe it. We should judge from signs we can weigh with twentieth century standards that his scholarship was equal to that of an A. B. graduate from an average college. But he had a wonderful gift of salesmanship when it came to selling himself. Coupled with that electrical something called magnetism, which we find in certain orators, Colenso had culture and politeness. It is evident that he was never a churl, and that he had a sincere love for humanity. It is likely that he was an honest man. All of this made him a more dangerous competitor for the spotlight and for the final verdict of society. His Episcopal contemporaries could not dislodge him from his office, much as they desired to do so. The aged Episcopal minister

at D'Urban in a visit with Taylor said, "Poor Colenso, I believe he is a well meaning man, but has gone wrong in his mind. I believe he will be in a lunatic asylum before many years go by." Taylor ventured to refer to him as "Doctor Colenso" on one occasion at a formal dinner, and a half intoxicated merchant voiced the popularity of Colenso by resenting Taylor's supposed irreverence. "Bishop Colenso! Bishop Colenso!" he shouted, "the most learned and pious man in the world." The bishop paid Taylor a call near the close of his evangelism in Natal and said to him: "God has given you your work to do, and you are doing it, and he has called me to another work, and I am doing my work." Taylor reflected, "I could readily see how by his kind, gentlemanly manner he won the friendship of many persons, who said they received him as a gentleman without any reference to his ecclesiastical character and relations."

Taylor was not a heresy hunter, nor a swordsman in defense of the faith. He recognized in anv man the elements that win, and would not be excelled in those elements. He recognized that men of Colenso's type had their friendships and that a policy of assailing them in the interest of the gospel was suicidal psychology. He seemed instinctively to feel that any departure from a constructive program on his part would spoil his personality and denature his ministry. While oc-

casionally he would encounter the apostles of error by giving a tactful answer to one of their specific glaring errors, such as one of Colenso's geographical mistakes in supporting his destructive views of the Old Testament, Taylor's general policy was to defend the gospel by preaching it; and the seal of revival power wrought under his ministry meant vastly more in the defeat of infidelity than could any scheme of polemics and heresy courts.

A Net For Big Fish

An atmosphere like Natal naturally brought out the more vigorous intellectual quality in the preaching of William Taylor, along with the invariable simplicity of his message. And he reached the intellectuals. One of the brightest conversions in Natal was that of one Mr. Pincet, who was regarded the best law counsellor in South Africa. He was convicted by the Spirit under the preaching. Using the terminology of the law, Taylor led Mr. Pincet to Jesus Christ his Advocate with the Father, furnishing a concrete lesson in soul winning similar to the pattern set by the Master in dealing with Nicodemus and the woman of Samaria. Mr. Pincet's name being known in all the leading centers, his conversion could not be a private event. Taylor referred to it for illustrative purposes in a sermon he preached on his return through Cape Town, and one of those whose anger had

been stirred by the heralded success of his South African campaign went into the Cape Town press against him. The critic cited this instance to prove that Taylor was deficient in ethics and wanting in a true sense of propriety because he had used Pincet's name publicly. It appears that the critic hoped also to turn the lawyer against Taylor. But in the next service Taylor announced that he was using Pincet's name by Pincet's own authority. Pincet had said to Taylor: "So much of my life has been wasted that for the rest of it I wish my time, talents, and testimony all used in any way that will promote the glory of God and the salvation of sinners, and you are at liberty to make any use of my name you like for such purposes."

A Maker Of History

One of the big men who took a most eager interest in Taylor's ministry in Natal was George C. Cato. It is probable that his name was known in high circles in many lands. Aside from his large agricultural interests he was Consul of the Scandinavian nations and Consular Agent for the United States of America. He ranked as a philanthropist, "a liberal patron of good things." Receiving a photograph of Mr. and Mrs. Taylor in January, 1867, Mr. Cato wrote the evangelist an ardent letter. Mr. Cato said: "Some of us in this

country reckon time by epochs." He then illustrated the periods of Natal history something like this: The invasion of the Zulus. The arrival of the Dutch Boers. The Zulu War. The first occupation of British troops. The first and second flood of the Umgani River. The arrival of Bishop Colenso, "one of the most extraordinary men I ever knew, and beyond my poor comprehension." Arrival and departure of William Taylor, which meant "the coming and going of not the least of my remarkable days."

Taylor returned to Cape Town, October 20, 1866. His sojourn of a few days in the vicinity of the Cape attracted considerable attention but there was nothing in the nature of a persistent campaign. His mind was set upon his voyage to England, and already, we may surmise, his engagement was taking form for his major campaign in the world's metropolis. The Taylor family sailed for London on the steamer Norseman. Enroute, they spent a brief time of solemn meditation amid the scenes of St. Helena where Napoleon Bonaparte had spent his last days, and viewing the vacant tomb from which the body of the former emperor, another of that century's most remarkable men, had recently been removed to Paris.

PART VI.
THE ISLAND WORLD

Through his intense occupation for five years, Taylor had largely lost touch with his homeland. America was in its reconstruction days, after the civil war. This had almost effaced the memory of the brief acquaintance with that impressive meteor of a man who had held short evangelistic campaigns in the high spots of New England and the Middlewest in the fifties. The church press, when not preoccupied by the problems and excitements of the war, had given some sporadic publicity to the phenomenal success attending his labors and the recognition accorded its fellow citizen in the English speaking world outside of America. The doughty Uncle Sam was staggering to his feet with a hoarse demand that European monarchs should get out of Mexico and that England should settle for the violations of neutrality in her aid and comfort to the Confederacy. Taylor, entirely escaped from national and

international politics, was letting the statesmen settle these things the best they could. Absorbed in strenuous labors under environments foreign to his home habits, five years had produced in him an unconscious modification in his reactions pertaining to the minor details of life, and made him more fully a world citizen. Those with whom he associated, under every sky, thought of him not as a Virginian, a Californian, or even an American. He seemed to be their man. So much did he make himself at home, in an African hut, in the cottage of a Dutch colonist, in the manse of a London Wesleyan and in the palace of an English gentleman, that they all claimed him, and longed to have him come to see them again.

London Beckons

Such was the situation when Taylor, hailing from South Africa, landed for the second time in England, December, 1866. Providence was to make him an English citizen for about three years thereafter, before he should resume his labors on the other side of the globe. He did not remain in England consecutively, but gave the winters of 1867-68 and 1868-69 to the western tropics.

But the winter of 1866-67 was the season of his most notable labors in England. His great success in the British territories of two continents, sustained for four years, had given a richer

meaning to his seven months acquaintance of the year 1862 at the base of Brittany. They received him back as a hero and a man of merited fame. They could risk his intelligence and spiritual zeal in the most responsible church centers. City Road Chapel, the mother church of world Methodism, received him with open arms for a two weeks revival, and there was "a manifest quickening of the church." "It was interesting," he records, "to hear the songs and shouts of praise on the old battle ground where John Wesley lived, labored and died." He gave two weeks to Queen Street Wesleyan Chapel, a week to King's Cross and to Highbury, and from one to two weeks to sixteen different charges in London, besides a series of meetings for a Presbyterian church in the West End. Of course, London was not only conservative but sophisticated and well tilled. He did not number his converts there by thousands as in other places, but the conversions of his evangelistic campaign in the world's metropolis were hearty and genuine, and there were easily half a thousand new recruits for the kingdom of Christ in the winter's campaign.

Historic Fellowship

These were some of Taylor's golden days of fellowship with his family. Anne, his wife, Morgan Stuart the firstborn, their pride and joy, who

had suffered much and had some great experiences on his own account. Ross, the second of the living children. Edward K., now an honored attorney in Alameda, California, the only living child when this biography was written. He was four when he joined his father in Australia and six when he left him in England, desiring, as he expressed it, to return to California and see his dog. Henry Reed the babe, born in Cape Town. They were domiciled for a while in a hotel facing St. Paul's Cathedral. It seems that old England was very kind to him. Henry Reed, unknown in the flesh, had followed Taylor with interest and prayer and no doubt had made indirect investments in his program since the revival in Tasmania. The Taylors had admired his consecration and friendship and named their babe in his honor. Now they were to meet him. In May, 1867, he found time for a week of meetings in the Wesleyan chapel at Turnbridge Wells, where Henry Reed entertained the Taylor family and other guests in his hospitable mansion, "Dunorlan."

There were "blessed spiritual results" at Turnbridge Wells. In some respects it was a historic meeting. Entertained with the Taylors was young Mrs. Catherine Booth, the wife of that other William who was in the initial stage of his rise, who was to become a famous soul winner and a world figure; and who, by the way, was

to find much of his making in Catherine. Taylor pronounced her "a woman of superior intelligence and education, comely in person, probably equal to William in most points, and superior in some." Mrs. Booth received spiritual help in Taylor's meeting and gave splendid service assisting penitents at the altar.

Mr. Reed encountered the surprise of his life in this meeting. He offered William Taylor a check for a hundred pounds and it was gratefully and politely declined. Mr. Reed "had not been accustomed to men of that sort." Taylor felt that by means of his publishing interests providence had fixed him so he could operate upon "the principal of business equivalents," and that his cosmopolitan program would be healthier and less exposed to the gainsayer if he did it. How much determination it required, we can not tell; but he did it absolutely, as a policy that knew no exceptions; and, until his later life he did not even have a pet philanthropy to which a proffered dollar might be directed to keep it from falling back to its owner for redirection. But, we doubt not that this, unforeseen as such, turned out to be the best financial psychology in Taylor's situation. It proved that people admire a character of that kind, and when he is rendering a valuable service to the world, providence here and there will find a discerning man or

woman who will not let his program falter. Henry Reed was one of those men. He began to remit a series of large payments to Taylor through his publisher in London, circulating Taylor's books throughout the British Isles. "Whenever he wanted to give me a lift," said Taylor, "he sent me a check on book account." Years later, Taylor testified: "I never asked him for anything; never hinted to him that I was in need of money, but in assisting to build houses of worship for our Indian churches I seldom ever felt the pressure of need that I did not receive a check from Brother Reed on book account."

To please his family, Taylor took a few days off for pleasure in the early summer of 1867 and they went to the famous Paris Exposition, putting up at the London Hotel. After a few days of sight seeing he sent his wife and the quartette of boys to Lausanne, Switzerland, to spend the summer, while he answered the pressing calls to continue his evangelistic meetings in England and Ireland. No summer vacation for him. Morgan Stuart, the elder son, remained in Lausanne a year going to school, and getting special advantages in the study of French. He might have continued longer had he not been overtaken again by serious sickness.

The California Magnet

Mrs. Taylor and the three younger children joined Taylor for another good visit in the fall and then besought his consent that they return to their California home. He seemed to have it in his own heart to go back to California himself for a visit at a later date and sail thence on his projected mission to India, as he had not seen the state of his adoption for more than ten years; but Mrs. Taylor, tired of the road, counselled that it was best to take the three younger boys home, and her counsel prevailed, with the result that Taylor made his base in England for a year and a half longer and chose the Oriental ocean route by way of Australia to India. An illustration of Taylor's abiding influence at home occurred when Mrs. Taylor arrived in New York and applied at the office of the Pacific Mail Steamship to get tickets from New York to San Francisco. The agent, who had heard her husband preach upon the streets of San Francisco years before and who knew his part in the founding of the great State which gave meaning to the steamship line, said: "It will be a pleasure to me to give you your tickets through." So he gave his check for the tickets for Mrs. Taylor, the three children, and a servant girl who went with her from London, and Mrs. Taylor had all the money when she got home that her husband had given her for

that part of the trip. Taylor afterward remarked with his humorous smile, "She had perhaps in that respect more sense than her husband in that she never refused money when it was offered her." There was a phase of beautiful simplicity in William Taylor's faith which should not be left out of the records. It appeared in connection with his wife's departure, revealing at the same time the pathos of his love. He said to her: "The Lord has intimated to me that, though I can't go with you, he will go with you and give you smooth seas and pleasant weather." She wrote him from New York that "all the way across the Atlantic the sea was so smooth there was hardly sufficient motion of the ship to make them sleep well."

The West Indies Respond

To the average man, distances like that from the Cape of Good Hope to London or London to Panama are bewildering. With Taylor, space had lost its illusion. His imagination could make the excursion from Liverpool to the West India Islands an after breakfast feat as easily as Lindbergh might contemplate it today, with his "Spirit of St. Louis." Soon after his family left him in the fall of 1867, he descended upon the West Indies for a winter's work. His first field was Bridgetown, Barbadoes, in and around which he

gave three weeks of time, preaching indoors and out, and witnessed "a wonderful work of God."

His contact with South America was to signify so much in later years that there is historic interest in noting the first time that he ministered in that great land, except one Sabbath in Valparaiso in 1849. It was just after his Barbadoes campaign, probably about the opening of 1868. He was well advertised at Georgetown, in British Guiana. He blew in like a spirit, on a five ton schooner at dawn Sunday morning, after two days of nausea on a rough sea, which had been so unfavorable that the large steamer on which he had planned to come had failed to reach Bridgetown. The clerical vigils, consumed with anxiety and curiosity to welcome this world man, had gone to bed in dismay, assuming that the steamer would not arrive. A conference was in session, with some strife and misunderstanding between leaders, but the mighty workings of grace began that Sabbath day in Georgetown, as Taylor preached in the morning to the church, in the afternoon to children, and in the evening to sinners; and during a fortnight "the revival tide swept the deck." Old troubles were forgotten and healed in effusions of grace, and five hundred people were converted to God. After this he held a revival series in Berbice and came over by steamer and preached a week in the province of

Essequibo. He ministered in Georgetown to the unhappy lepers of the lazaretto, who appealed powerfully to his sympathy. He noticed one leprous boy in the company that resembled one of his own little boys.

Mountains and Seas

Just what were the plans for the season, after this, we cannot say. Probably he would have continued through the summer in the same fields. But, returning to Georgetown, he received news that the old Australian fever had again taken hold of Stuart, at Lausanne, and that the boy was dangerously ill. Hurrying back to Lausanne, he found the boy convalescing. He spent the Sabbath there and preached in the Wesleyan Chapel to a French-speaking audience, the pastor serving as interpreter. Taking Stuart to England, he remained with him through the summer, giving a week of special services to each of a number of towns adjacent to the health resort of Great Malvern, where the boy received a water treatment.

In this journey from South America to Switzerland, Taylor improved the time by unburdening his mind in the production of a small volume on the "Election of Grace" which, as did all his books, ran into a large sale.

As the autumn leaves began to take color and the roses began to come to Morgan Stuart's

cheeks, the vacation spirit suddenly took hold of his busy father, who, for his son's sake, felt drawn to the highlands of Scotland. They made a tour, going to Greenock, Glasgow, and the regions round about, and up the Caledonian Canal route to Inverness. Taylor out-vacationed the boy, when the spirit of the thing got hold of him. A glimpse of him here reminds us that he was an old young man and a young old man. He was climbing into his forty-seventh year, but his settled habits and his toil and vicarious sorrows, with his suit of venerable whiskers, which were already quite gray, and due to be entirely gray when he reached fifty, caused him to be regarded as an old man.

He drops a remark upon this vacation, that mountain climbing was one of his favorite ways of taking exercise, and that it was his rule in every land to conquer the highest mountain. It came his turn on this occasion to climb Ben-Nevis, the tallest mountain in the British Isles. He joined two powerful young men who said they were going up, and overheard a remark between them that the "old fellow will not get up to the top of the mountain;" but, giving them the start, and going leisurely, he passed them on the slope, and was standing on the pillar of the flagstaff to greet them when they arrived.

In the fall, 1868, it was thought best that Stuart return to California. Taylor sailed again to resume his work in the West Indies. His work was in St. Kitts, St. Vincent, Nevis, Trinidad, Tobago, St. Thomas, Jamaica, and some other small islands. Though he labored among an excitable and noisy people, given to inordinate emotions under strong religious appeals, there was that thoughtfulness and divine awe in the type of preaching Taylor gave them which stilled them in a degree surprising to the resident ministers, who pronounced the meetings the most orderly they had ever seen among those peoples. "There were flowing tears in abundance, earnest prayers, mourners in Zion, and clear distinct testimonies given by the thousands who found peace with God, but no wild screaming and ranting at all." The taking of names and making of records was left to the pastors. The Wesleyan Missionary Secretary in London afterward wrote Taylor that his labors for them in the West Indies resulted in more than five thousand new members.

Australia Again

Concluding his labors in Jamaica, the spirit of Taylor heard the call of the waves. He felt the urge of the instinct to be on time, and remembered his promise of a year's standing to his friend, Dr. Moffatt, that he would be there by a

certain date in May, 1869. An expensive barrier occurred. Suspension of steamship service from Panama to Australia sent him back to England to go out by the Peninsular and Oriental line through the Mediterranean and the Suez Canal with a cost of ten thousand miles of extra travel and five hundred dollars more of money. But in the life of William Taylor it was hard to tell the difference between a barrier and a providence. The disappointment in his routing to Australia proved a providence that gave him a proxy message in the interior of Ceylon, and led to his conducting a gracious three months revival there with the salvation of not less than a thousand souls. A young woman betrothed to a Ceylon superintendent of missions sailed from England on Taylor's ship. The ministers of the entire district met at Point de Galle to attend the marriage. Taylor's ship being "providentially" detained at that point, he held a five days meeting in which the direct soul-saving policies of Taylor's ministry made a deep impression on the ministers. Indeed the ideas were novel to them, but some of them resolved to put them into operation. The news came later that this five days meeting, refiring the preachers' souls and enlarging their vision, had resulted in a thousand conversions.

The Last Miles To India

Record has been made in Part IV, of the second Australian campaign. It was fourteen months of beautiful, soul refreshing work with a tidal wave of salvation in some places. The seal of his former three years career was an asset that made his ministry more powerful. Data is scarce for a detailed account of three months spent in Ceylon between his farewell to Australia and his attack upon the problems of India; but it would be worthy of a chapter. For some men it would fill a book. With Taylor it was in incident. But the "spicy breezes" that "blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle" witness, to this day, the footprints of an evangel the fruits of whose labor, merged with that of his brethren, still abide. In Ceylon he had undertaken to make up for the shortness of time by more excessive labors, with the result that when he reached his long sought India road he was broken and tired and sick on his feet. But the last of a thousand interruptions had been passed; journeys equalling nearly twice the circumference of the globe had intervened, labors sufficient to fill an ordinary life time had been performed enroute, victories and blessings had come, and valuable lessons had been learned giving him a fitness for India of which he could scarcely have dreamed when that good Baptist

preacher in Australia first undertook to lay India on his heart and he, moved as he thought by the Spirit, had essayed to turn his steps toward that ancient land.

PART VII.

Below The Himalayas

The world evangelist became an apostle in India. When he came to grips with the problems of the gospel in that ancient land he was never again to be the same. Without decline in evangelistic power, his pastoral instinct was to increase; he was to turn into an organizer; institutional work was to have a larger emphasis; and, finally, he was to bring under tribute every agency, industrial and educational, that could be utilized for human uplift or through which people could be brought within the range of the gospel.

He was in his fiftieth year. For a decade he had been out of his own nation and away from the auspices of his own church. In the meantime he had taken a certificate of honorable location from the California Conference. The consciousness of his approaching half century milestone seems to have been attended with an intuition that he had completed a kind of cycle in his life

work. It led to the reflection that he should probably do some fruitful preaching through interpreters, mainly among the natives in the territory of the North India Mission Conference, to which the Methodist Episcopal Church was under a kind of covenant to confine itself, and that then, in a year or two, he should be free to return to the bosom of his family and settle down in a ministry more serene, upon his native soil.

Expecting A Wonder Worker

Correspondence with his brethren seems to have inveigled him out of his original thought of an evangelistic crusade among the neglected English speaking peoples of India, upon any large scale. It was believed by them that the same magic glory that attended his preaching through an interpreter in Kaffir land and the West Indies would probably attend his efforts in India; and it was only after some deliberation that the leaders under whose auspices he came consented to change their mission policy and permit him to evangelize the English speaking people. The missionary authorities at home had previously taken action, directing the missionaries under their support not to divide their energy by giving consecutive effort to the English speaking people.

Taylor's first operations in India were not in keeping with his reputation and record of

success. Disappointment is reflected in the written accounts of some of his contemporaries. James M. Thoburn, in his volume on "Missionary Apprenticeship," 1884, wrote: "We had read of the wholesale conversion of the heathen in South Africa, and we hoped, and some of us expected, to see similar results among the non-Christian people of India." But whatever of disappointment the leaders felt on this line was compensated in other ways. Thoburn describes the occasion of Taylor's first invitation to seekers: "The congregation was composed almost exclusively of native Christians, but very few of them were really converted. I acted as interpreter, and near the close of the sermon I had an opportunity of perceiving the effects of that extraordinary power which at times attends Dr. Taylor's preaching. He was describing, in simple language, the works of the flesh and the fruits of the Spirit, when suddenly a thrill seemed to go forth with his words. I felt it as I tried to interpret, and I saw the tears start ino the eyes of the natives before us. Eleven men came forward for prayers, ten of whom almost immediately professed to find peace in believing. Most of them were deeply moved, and there was every reason to believe that the work in their hearts was of the most genuine character. We were all surprised, however, at the simplicity and quietness of the meetings. We had fully expected

that a long and vigorous prayer meeting would follow each call for seekers, but this seldom occurred. The inquirers were instructed, sometimes in a body and sometimes one by one, and their attention kept closely to two points: submitting to God and receiving Jesus Christ. I had seen Dr. Taylor in the midst of stormy prayer meetings in former years, and asked him why he had changed his methods. 'I never liked those meetings,' he said, 'but I found it best to endure them. When allowed my own way, I choose a different course.' "

The Time Of Trial

From his intensive labors in Ceylon he brought a run down body, with colds and headache. The missionaries, with the best of intentions, coached and counselled him with their view of things and failed, for a while, to let him be himself. His full length sermons were entirely unadvisable. His prayer services with seekers, following the sermons, were too great a tax for people in that climate. They had not gone a month with his campaign till there was talk of giving it up or changing the order of things. It is probable that he added nothing to his popularity just at this point when he decided that he, being "but a novice in India," had been "deferring to them perhaps more than was wise."

In that critical moment he said: "I apprehend that India will require greater zeal and a more bold, aggressive faith than any other." In his diary the same day he wrote: "We'll throw off this incubus yet. O, God in mercy deliver us!" This was only a temporary depression. There was a steady increase of gratifying results.

First Impressions

Taylor first touched India at Bombay, Sunday morning, November 20, 1870. Intending to be in the land only for a limited period, preaching through an interpreter, he brought none of his books for sale in India. His living would have to result from the momentum of sales in other lands. He rested his tired body for two days at the Byculla Hotel. Then, on Tuesday, he bought a London exchange check and mailed to his wife out of his meager remnant of cash. He then purchased a second class ticket and took train for Allahabad. It had been a theory of the evangelist that it was better economy in travelling to purchase the best accommodations he could get. For want of means, he sacrificed this theory in India and, as we shall see, was forced into third class and steerage in several of the amazingly successful enterprises of his later life.

From Allahabad he went promptly to Cawnpore and thence to Lucknow, his first scene of

action. James M. Thoburn, quoted above, a former acquaintance in America, was among the group of Americans who welcomed the tired evangelist of the long road. Thoburn was afterward to be a missionary bishop, a seraphic prophet and a missionary statesman of world renown; largely, we are told, as a result of William Taylor's coming to India. On the other hand, but for Thoburn's cooperation and soliciting correspondence, it is possible Taylor's coming to India, already delayed seven years beyond schedule, might not have been at all.

In his volume, thirteen years later, Thoburn recorded this sketch: "We waited his coming with eager expectation, and spread his fame among the people far and wide. He arrived on Friday, November 25, 1870, and began his work on the following Sunday. He had wonderfully changed since I had last seen him, both in manner and appearance. He was now a veritable patriarch, with erect and imposing mien, long white beard, a piercing but kindly eye, and a reserve which often impressed strangers more powerfully than any words could have done. His pulpit style had completely changed, so much so, indeed, that there was absolutely nothing about him which reminded me of the William Taylor whom I had known a dozen years before.

The Diplomat

The six o'clock dinner with a group of his fellow countrymen on the American thanksgiving day, which comes the last Thursday in November, was one of the first events in Taylor's program at Lucknow, and, though he was in too much discomfort to enjoy it, it was a restful, healing pleasure in which he was surrounded by an American atmosphere for the first time in a decade. While always loyal to his own nation, Taylor had a great admiration for the British government, whose representatives in turn learned to trust him implicitly at every point in their vast domains. He was not an imperialist, not servile or cringing; but his fine common sense enabled him to see the providential advantages that came to the lands which were linked to the British crown, and his constructive attitude toward the government, free from any sort of doctrine or remark that would sow the seeds of distrust and revolution, was more than mere policy. It was the result of a sincere conviction. The diplomatic tact with which he promoted gospel truth among colonials and aborigines who had a chip on their shoulders for Great Britain would have made him worth a subsidy as a morale man.

Only thirteen years had elapsed since the tragic mutiny in India, in which Lucknow pre-

sented that scene of suffering made famous in all the world. The Americans had come to that city immediately after the passing of the war clouds and established their mission of peace. Lucknow was therefore a principal base for Methodist operation, as it is to this day, surrounded with worthy sentiments and solemn associations.

Reviving The Inner Circle

If the response of Indians to Taylor's preaching through an interpreter had been as marvelous and far reaching as it was in South Africa and the West Indies the church leaders who called him might have been strengthened in their policies and the evangelist himself might have finished his career in India in a few months, content to have witnessed the greatest spiritual awakening that had ever occurred in India, and to trust his brethren to keep the movement going. Their policy was to restrict the work of American Methodism to the North India Conference and to let providence provide its own agencies to evangelize and maintain work among the English speaking people. But something like an emotional frost fell on the meetings held under this policy, though some gracious and lasting work was done. The more extensive results were with Thoburn interpreting, but Thoburn, soon retouched with spiritual fire under Taylor's pentecostal message,

could do that preaching without Taylor. It is likely that some in the inner circle were on the background spiritually when Taylor came, and that this accounted for symptoms of distrust and want of aggressive cooperation with a movement eminently spiritual and evangelistic. We find Taylor in these days renewing the slogan of Scriptural holiness at intervals in his preaching, that believers might enter the new dispensation of Christian progress in India with more power to bring things to pass.

Taylor believed that some great divine event was pending. He seems to have had a barometer in his soul by which the coming of great events of grace might sometimes be told in advance. When it became plain to him that his part of it would not be among the humbler peoples of North India who were receiving a free pastoral service under the pay of the Board at home he began quietly and half consciously to change his tactics and trend his steps toward areas beyond.

During this earlier period of soul struggles and meagre results, a talented native preacher arose in one of the services and said, "I came to these meetings an unsaved man. I determined to seek salvation, but I thought to go forward as a seeker would disgrace me, one who had been preaching the gospel for years." After explaining that he had gone three miles out of

town and knelt in vain in a mango grove, he said: "I kneeled down there at that rail as a seeker and received Christ as my Savior." On that occasion they had "a general time of weeping over the low experience of some," and Taylor arose and spoke the following epoch making words: "You know the difficulties peculiar to India—the paralyzing influence of heathenism, formalism, and caste. It seems to saturate and mildew your very souls; and then you talk about the enervating effect of the climate. God made the climate and God made the gospel. If his gospel is not adapted to this climate, then we will ask him to change the climate to suit his soul saving purpose and plan. I tell you God's gospel is adapted to every climate and every variety and condition of human kind."

Opening The Door For The English

About this time they began to have some conversions among the English speaking Eurasians, and it was decided to invite them to join the church. Twenty five of these joined in Lucknow, being trophies of Taylor's hard earned and, as it seemed to him, meagre victory in Lucknow, where probably a hundred found Christ as a result of his visit. A consequence of this change of the mission policy, admitting Europeans and Eurasians, was the acquiring of local Sunday

school talent and the immediate enlargement of that branch of the work from a small handful in one little school to a Sunday school movement with a thousand students within four years.

Taylor stayed less than two months with the organized forces of Methodism in and around Lucknow. His visit made for a new epoch. This fact could not be realized at the time so well as later. Because there was not a phenomenal movement, there was a suppressed feeling of disappointment in the minds of the missionaries and in Taylor's mind. But even then, the Lucknow leaders realized that the unusual had happened.

In the latter days of the Lucknow visit Dr. Moffatt, a physician of the Church of England, surgeon of the Fourteenth Regiment, whom Taylor had met by a peculiar providence in England, wrote and invited him to come and preach in Cawnpore. Commenting on this, Taylor said in his journal: "I see more and more clearly that it is too late for me to begin to make plans for the Lord by which to work, when God has so long ago made plans for me. It is not mine to ask him to indorse my plans and go with me, but by all available means to discern his plans and go with him."

The First Independent Adventure

In a consultation with the missionaries Taylor found a conservative group who were against

his going to Cawnpore because it was outside the Conference. It was held that if they gained converts there they had no money or employment for them. All this was strange language to Taylor, who was accustomed to expecting a robust independence in his converts. Although their plans had been otherwise, and there was much more work planned for him in the mission conference, it was finally agreed that he should go if he would not commit the mission to any responsibility in that city. He moved softly and prayerfully toward the new adventure, the first of a series of adventures which were to result in the claiming of all India for Methodism, and the founding of a veritable spiritual empire. It should be said, however, as a fair record of history, that the enterprising Thoburn had already been in that city and preached, meeting Dr. Moffatt, who invoked his good offices to induce Taylor to come.

The work began at Cawnpore with English services in Dr. Moffatt's prayer room; but later the preaching services were moved to the homes of two East Indian families about two miles apart, in the native city. Taylor also preached daily in the bazaars to audiences of two to four hundred heathen and Mohammedans. Within three weeks two small churches were organized, with more than a score of hardy converts who had been

saved under Taylor's ministry, and who immediately were organized for self support, subscribing enough to care for their pastoral oversight. The good Dr. Moffatt assured them that the new churches should have his encouragement. Later the conference appointed a pastor, and Cawnpore became, as Taylor rejoiced to style it, "the first self supporting mission in the conference." This also became the seat of the Memorial High School. Today, Taylor's distinction as the father of the work in Cawnpore is not the least of his honors.

An Altar Full At Conference

It was during these events, January 12, 1871, that the India Mission Conference met in Lucknow. Taylor returned for this Conference and was well received, although the petition from his new Cawnpore work received considerable opposition from "some good conservatives." On the night he preached at Conference they had "the communion rail crowded with seekers of purity, and eight or nine penitents also." One powerful preacher came into the ranks as a result of that service, in the person of a layman who that night was filled with the Spirit. It was here that he discovered George Bailey's superb talent as an interpreter, who became his strong helper on many occasions afterward. Bailey was

a Frenchman near thirty years old, who, with his wife, was converted in Taylor's first meetings in Lucknow. He had distinguished himself as a sixteen year old boy in the siege of Lucknow and had taken an English name. He had the rank and pension of an ensign for life.

The two months around Lucknow may be styled Taylor's orientation course in India. As we have seen, they were not lacking in interest, and they were pregnant with events of more significance than could be apparent at the time. A large itinerary had been carefully planned for him, in which he was to touch the high spots of the area then occupied by the Mission Conference of his own denomination. This had to be done before the beginning of the hot season. During the hot season and beyond, Taylor had no engagement with the Mission.

The Soul Of Taylor And The Soul Of India

It was a grand experience, enjoyed to the full, to travel through that ancient land and get men's viewpoints, coming in contact with the soul of India. Taylor was an apt student of men and conditions, and it required but a short time for him to acquire a working knowledge in a new situation. His rugged realism was enough unlike the distilled idealism of India's sages to make them mutually interesting to each other.

Unlike some gentle, diplomatic missionaries from the west who became a part of the warp and woof of India's soul, William Taylor had his own soul. He was regarded more as a man from another world, a passing prophet, who set the gates of salvation ajar and went his way. No Indian had cause to suspect that Taylor held a brief for Western civilization, that he was a vender of some political doctrine, or that he was the champion of a Christianity cult. The world today is impressed with the efficiency of a program that puts Christ first in the Orient with a simplicity that is severe and a discrimination that is utterly frank. The student of William Taylor will find that the more recent emphasis at this point is no new thing. It was exactly his policy during his four active years in India. It was one explanation of his success in India and everywhere else.

Farewell to Lucknow till after three unscheduled years of marvelous changes. In journeying through the country the preacher economized on his daylight by using India's characteristic cross country sleeping car, the dhuli, which we will let William Taylor describe: 'The dhuli is a carriage about seven feet long, three feet wide, and three feet high. In this the bed is spread, so that the occupant can sit or lie down and sleep at will. At each side are sliding doors. This, however, is a car-

riage without wheels or horses. A long, light pole passes through the center, close under the ceiling of the carriage, extending through each end four or five feet. The whole is carried by four coolies, two at each end. These are relieved by a fresh relay about every six miles. They move regularly in a steady trot, keeping time and stimulating each other by a sort of grunting chorus, oft repeating 'Jaldi ja;' that is, 'Quickly go.' "

Enlarging The Campaign

At Seetapore a tent was ready for him, though he could tarry but two days. George Bailey interpreted, as in all this series, and nearly a score found peace with God. The schedule in behalf of the mission took him to Panaphore, Shahjehanpore, Chandapore, Bareilly, Budaon Circuit camp meeting, Chandousi, Babukhera, Joa, Sambhal, Bashta, Amroha, and Moradabad. The presiding elder of the district and his wife were usually with Taylor in these meetings. The success was varying, never sensational, but usually good. The longest sojourn, about ten days, was at Bareilly. At that point some unusual work was done, and an English speaking church was organized in the home of Justice Walker who, against all seeming probabilities, was converted under the wise angling of William Taylor. George Bailey, who knew

Justice Walker, was the instrument in getting the two men together. Taylor fell upon one of his more fruitful schemes for that region, that of going around and holding family prayer in homes before they began their day's work. Walker let him in on Sunday morning, which was the beginning of the process that led to Walker's conversion and the establishment of the new English speaking church. A Hindu judge arose in one of Taylor's last public meetings in Bareilly and tendered thanks in behalf of the community for Taylor's services. Taylor regretted the limitation of time occasioned by the necessity of filling all the appointments before the hot season. "If I had time to dispute daily with these people," he wrote, "and pursue fully Saint Paul's methods—having the same gospel, the same Jesus, and the same Holy Spirit—I am sure we should see corresponding results."

Able To Appreciate Others

There was no disparagement in Taylor's appraisal of the work that had been accomplished within a dozen years by the heroes of the cross in the North India Mission. He was enthusiastic in his appreciation of the medical work, the orphanage and school work, and the gospel enterprises. Many natives who had joined the mission, theoretically converted to Christ, found the Sav-

ior in a vital experience under Taylor's ministry. Nearly all of the preaching in this series was to natives, George Bailey interpreting. The achievements by which the English speaking church was organized were initiated by Taylor's astute gifts of personal evangelism. At the close of the series under the auspices of the Methodist Mission, early in April, 1871, Taylor went to Meerut and Bailey returned to his place to become a preacher for the Mission, in Hindustani and Hindi.

The chaplain of the Scotch Kirk at Meerut called Taylor to that city. He had admired the hardy ministry of Taylor, who, it seems, was so constructive in his sermonizing and so well supplied with something to preach about that he did not need to irritate his brethren of Calvinistic training by trying to doctor the issues on election and perseverance. He always had an open door in the more enterprising Calvinistic churches, though he evidently believed that they were somewhat circumscribed in the ultimate possibilities of an insurgent evangelism such as he was called to promote. The Church of England Chaplain shared in extending this invitation to Meerut, which was a military station. Taylor preached for them three weeks, making only one call for seekers, to which there was a prompt response. There was a deep awakening in the audience. The novelty of calling people forward was objectionable to

the two ministers in charge, who nevertheless were very courteous and tactful in their objections. They enjoyed Taylor about as a hen enjoys a duck that was hatched into the barnyard by her own efforts. It is her instinct and professional duty to sponsor her own, but she is sometimes nonplussed by a disparity in their ways of exercising.

Improving The Hot Season

Three weeks in Delhi at this time, under the auspices of the Baptist mission, brought back the memory of his first leadings to India. Rev. James Smith, who, in Australia, first laid India on his heart, was head of this mission. The hot season was on. They had to move cautiously; but by the veranda and open air meetings they prepared a soil and sowed for a harvest on which the Baptist mission realized a joyous reaping time the following fall. Visits were made back to Ambala, where he ministered a week to the Seventy-second British regiment and opened an English work in Sudder Bazaar; to Bijnour, and, again, to Moradabad, enroute to the slopes of the Himalaya Mountains, where the summer was spent. Besides some evangelistic service done in this higher country, the hot season was devoted to two new exercises; making a hymn book and going on a pilgrimage with the natives, "to study them and learn what they did and suffered to get rest for

their souls." He was associated with Mrs. J. L. Humphrey, the wife of his generous host, J. L. Humphrey, M.D., compiling "Hymns New and Old," which were to be used extensively in the then unforeseen conquests for the gospel in southern India.

His farewell work under the auspices of the Methodist Mission was at Paori in the mountains. Thence he touched at Mussouri, Dheradoon, and Lahore, with missions of other churches; and checked his baggage once more for the southern shores of that land he had spent eleven months exploring. He had been a learner from everything and every person he met, and out of his lessons were now to be produced some new things under the sun, at least for Methodism. His experiences had made clear to him that vigorous and consecutive work should be done among the English speaking peoples. While there had been no vastly sensational events under his eleven months of ministry, some hundreds had been saved and blessed, and there had been clear conversions out of every class of people that dwell in India, both native and foreign.

PART VIII.

THE TIDES OF INDIA

Four months from the time William Taylor left the north of India on his fifteen hundred mile journey to Bombay there was a Methodist Episcopal Church of more than a hundred members organized in that city, with a revival momentum which was resulting in daily additions to the kingdom of Christ. The attention of several of the main centers of Southern India was being drawn to the signal fires of spiritual life at Bombay, and these also were beginning to call for the prophet of the long road. The revival in Bombay, as Taylor expressed it, was the result of "a direct hand-to-hand fight with the powers of darkness for the rescue of souls, to be led at once to Jesus." His preaching had been in halls, theatres, open courts, and private homes.

Bombay As Taylor Found It

The first days in the South, October 26 to November 8, 1871, were spent at the annual meet-

ing of the missionaries of the American Board at Ahmednuggur. An invitation to preach in this gathering was the apparent reason for his leaving the North, though evidently he believed this would lead to a spiritual forward movement in Bombay and elsewhere which would be fostered and conserved by the churches then occupying the field.

Exposures enroute to Ahmednuggur gave him a severe cold, but in this principal center of the Maratti Mission he was well received and preached through an interpreter for more than a week with limited but gracious results in the conversion of souls, despite the distractions of much business, claiming the time of the visitors. He records that "the missionaries expressed themselves as greatly pleased with the results of our meetings, but I was not."

He gave a month of his time to the Maratti natives in Bombay after this conference, preaching through interpreters and serving under auspices of the existing missions. His type of preaching drew new material from non-Christian circles, and his direct methods in asking men to act upon the gospel and expecting instantaneous conversions "seemed entirely new in Bombay."

Seedtime And Harvest Every Day

While the net results of Taylor's four years

in India were phenomenal, and indeed the total consequence of any three months of that time was phenomenal, there were few if any single days with obvious results that were sensational in magnitude. It was a steady, determined contention of an indomitable preacher who knew no methods that he would not try if they were honorable and gave promise of results in the salvation of souls. He literally contended with men in behalf of their own eternal welfare. The wonder was in the fact that his success was so continuous. Today, ten were converted; one a Hindu, one an African. Yesterday, thirteen seekers, among whom were four Hindus and one Mussulman. A Parsee stood up and received Jesus. A Christian Jewess becomes enthusiastic over the Taylor program, and opens her doors for the organization of a fellowship band to conserve the religious life of new converts. One day his journal says: "Held fourteen family services this morning. Preached in the open air at 5:30 P. M. to over three hundred; deepening attention." Another day he preaches to two hundred in the theater, "eight seekers, and four profess to find the Savior." These are cross sections, showing the rate and manner of his progress.

A general result quite as significant as the number of conversions, for the future of evangelical Christianity in Southern India, was the as-

similation of persons of devout and eminent talent in the class of George Bowen who, under the hypnotizing restraint of non evangelical church movements, had been waiting for an outlet for their energy and talent. The match was close to the magazine, when Taylor got in action. The "flaming firebrand" found some good kindling. More than that, they were leaders who, once shaken loose from the apathetic order, could fit into the new dispensation and make it permanent when William Taylor should pass to other fields.

The preachers who caught the vision and accepted their commission throughout the world under the stimulus of William Taylor's personality were so numerous, a generation ago, that an edition of this memorial volume would have been required to supply each one a copy.

Uniting The Forces

Taylor seems to have had epochal illuminations at certain stages in the development of his policy for evangelizing India and conserving the fruits of his labor. On Friday, December 8, 1871, just twenty-eight days, or one moon, as an African prince would say, from the time he actually came to grips with the spiritual forces of Bombay, he recorded: "It dawns upon my mind that God will lead me to organize many fellowship bands in the houses of the people who will be saved in my meet-

ings. We cannot have an organized, witnessing, working church without them. I have no plan, and do not intend to have any, except to discern and follow at any hazard the Lord's plan, as he may be pleased to reveal it." On the next day, by invitation, he took tea and spent the evening in the home of Mrs. Miles, a Jewish widow who had become a Christian. She was prominently connected in military and government circles, and a representative group were present as guests at this social event. Through this providence came the shelter for the first of a large number of "fellowship bands" or classes, which was organized December 30, 1871. It was quite natural that George Bowen should be appointed leader of the first band, and it was a fine stroke to insure the success of this first unit in the new adventure. A second band was organized on New Year's Day, 1872, in the home of George Miles. And so they multiplied, in rapid succession.

Away From The Beaten Track

Speaking of the "blessed fellowship meeting" in the organization of that second band, Taylor unwittingly gives us an incidental glance at the reason why he was such an interesting man in any cosmopolitan audience. Among the sixteen people who spoke in that meeting, he says there was "not a technical, commonplace remark; not

a single old fogy to teach them any!" No one knelt and said, "We are bowed upon the bended knees of our fast decaying bodies." No one copied the testimony of John Fletcher, Phoebe Palmer or Augustine. In homely imagery, in words of their own devising, out of hearts of spontaneous joy and gratitude because of "no more condemnation," the converts of William Taylor declared what the Lord had done for them and what service they hoped to render him.

The miracle of conversion among the people attracted the attention of thoughtful Orientals because bad men turned into good men before their eyes. Some of them felt that they could only be true to their intelligence by coming to the meetings and investigating the underlying cause. An illustration of this developed in a conversation between a Hindu and a British official in a public hall before the opening of a service. When the official asked the Hindu why he had come to hear Taylor, as Taylor was not a Hindu, he said: "There is a very mysterious work going on here in connection with his meetings. Many men, whom I knew to be drunkards, swearers, and dishonest men—tyrannical men, too, who were before always abusing the natives in their employ—have been entirely changed at these meetings. They are now all teetotalers; they are honest and true in their dealings, and speak

nothing but words of kindness to everybody; and instead of hating and abusing their servants they show real love and sympathy for them and are all the time trying to do them good. I have looked into these things closely, and know that what I tell you, sahib, is true; and this kind of work is going on all the time at Padri Taylor's meetings. I don't understand it, but I feel so anxious to know more about it that I can't keep away."

As the bands themselves became self conscious units ready for action to carry on the work of evangelism and uplift, natural doors began almost immediately to swing open in other centers around Bombay and extensively through Southern India; at Poonah, Calcutta, Khandwa, Jalnah, Egutpoora, Allahabad, Secunderabad, and, later, at Madras and Bangalore. The call to the new centers was usually through the travel and acquaintance of persons engaged in military or governmental service; but the ministry, knowing no racial bounds, would immediately extend to the sons of India.

Outside Pressure Produced The Church

The next notable stage in the policies of Taylor's evangelistic movement in India came out of the matured conviction that he should organize his converts into churches attached to the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which he was a mem-

ber. He did not rush into this phase of activity without careful reflection. The request came first from the people, seeking an answer to the question, "What will you do to provide for the pastoral care of these converts?"

Where there is success there is opposition. This is true in almost any line, whether business, social or political. It has been strikingly true in religious work, to the shame of human nature, down through the centuries. William Taylor was having most too big a run in Bombay. The preacher and the editor furnished the duet of opposition. "Two daily papers had opened their batteries and several ministers were preaching against the possibility of sudden conversions."

As the opposition thus gained prestige it appeared bolder and more menacing. Occasionally there was some unpleasant episode. It seemed to put a temporary stop to the success of the revival, as potential seekers were intimidated; but if this kind of opposition will furnish publicity and enhance the success of error, fanaticism and fraud, how much more must it turn out for the advancement of the work of a radiant spirit like that of William Taylor.

It was known that he came without resource or reward. Out of his own limited purse he had supported himself and paid his expenses. He had

given himself in unsparing labors, and his every movement was marked not only with prudence and courtesy, but with an unselfishness that was transparent. The acts and words of hostility were bound to be boomerangs, and the reaction after the barrage of angry criticism was necessarily in favor of the work under William Taylor. It took new life, and moved forward with apostolic glory.

This quotation on the church question from William Taylor's journal, in February, 1872, will show the status of the then existing denominations, according to his opinion: "We have been advising the converts to continue to go to the churches they had been most inclined to attend. But pastors who will not allow me to preach in their churches are not the men to nourish and lead to usefulness those who have been saved at my meetings. It has long been manifest that I must in some way provide for them, but I have not been clear as to whether or not it is the will of God that I should take the responsibility of organizing a church. I had myself been saved in the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which I have been an ordained minister for more than a quarter of a century, yet I have for years been so free from the fear of man and from sectional prejudice that if I had anywhere in my world-wide evangelistic tours found a Church holding purer doctrines, employing methods more incisive and

effective, and manifesting a loving spirit of soul saving work more in harmony with the mind of Christ and the example of the apostles I should have left the Methodist Church at once and joined it; but I have found no such Church on the earth, and hence expect to live and die in the Church of my early choice."

Getting Themselves Understood.

Responsive to a petition drawn by George Miles, February 8, 1872, and signed by many others, Taylor decided that the hour was ripe and the providential call had come for church organization. It was characteristic with him to lose no time and to pay little heed to objections and barriers when a duty became clear. In consenting to organize, Taylor put himself on record in a formal written response, containing the following memorandum: "I came to Bombay Presidency by invitation of the American missionaries of the Maratti Mission. I enjoyed the pleasure of working with them at Ahmednuggur and in this city, and in return have had their hearty sympathy and cooperation—the same also, in a good degree, of other ministers—in all my work for God in this city. Our gracious God will reward them. I had also the pleasure of giving a little help to the Mission of the Free Church of Scotland. I expected, by invitation of ministers here,

as in other places, to assist many churches in Bombay in seeking the soul-saving power of God and in the development of a more effective working agency in their respective organizations. As you all know, we have been providentially brought, 'by a way that we knew not', to a somewhat different result."

That his policy was to continue non sectarian, with the hope of benefiting all denominations, appears in these words from his formal letter of response, which also reflect his aversion for proselyting: "Persons who had a vital spiritual union with any Church, and a field of usefulness therein, we sincerely advise them to remain in their own Church. We are not at liberty to refuse any persons who have a desire to flee from the wrath to come and be saved from their sins; but we do not wish any truly saved man to leave his Church to come to us. On the other hand, persons who are influenced by worldly motives would make a very great mistake in trying to ally themselves with us."

This full letter of response was published in the *Bombay Guardian.*

The constituents of these new churches understood among themselves that they should be self-sustaining, that they should devote themselves to the conversion of the non-Christian races

around them, and that representatives of all races should be eligible to membership.

From the standpoint of traditions in church organization the new Bombay church was a child of Melchisedec. Taylor undertook to get it a defined relation by asking the General Conference which met in May of that year, 1872, to grant them a charter for organizing an annual conference, since they were fourteen hundred miles from the nearest conference territory, the India Mission Conference. They did not want to organize a "mission" conference because they intended to be self supporting on the field, even though they were asking the Missionary Society to select and defray the transportation of some pastoral evangelists for their work.

It was William Taylor's first organization work with his church since he left California, fifteen years before. It was probably too much to expect that without further investigation the General Conference would make this venture, and it is not probable that he hoped for a favorable response; but he wished to go on record and get the new plan into their thinking. He referred in a vein of pleasantry to the reaction of the General Conference committee, which laid his petition on the table and took it up no more. "The idea," he wrote, "of a man laying the foundations of a

Conference in a heathen country in three months!"

The Emergency Is Met

The status of Taylor's South India work remained undefined till up in 1773, when Bishop William C. Harris made an episcopal tour around the world and included Taylor's work in his plan of visitation. The missionary secretaries did not comply with the request of Taylor and the Bombay church to send them missionaries. Some misunderstanding was in the air, accompanied with an "ordeal of criticism and opposition." Even the visiting Bishop had heard rumors to the effect that William Taylor was going to found another sect, and admitted later that he felt some apprehension. This would have been very much unlike William Taylor. There is good evidence that the ambition to found an ecclesiasticism never took the form of a temptation in his life.

Bishop Harris was British in his ability to construe a constitution so as to make it apply to the unfolding situations of history. He boldly did that which the college of bishops and the Missionary Society, later, in another chapter of Taylor's life, were to rule against, as exceeding the provisions of the church manual. But he was a seer; for what he construed as legal in 1873 was to be written down as legal by the General

Conference of 1884. Indeed his ruling stood in India, as no appeal was taken from it. His ruling was that William Taylor and the ministers to be associated with him should be permitted to hold regular conference relations in the Mission Conference of North India, but that the northern conference was to have no more official relation to the South India work than would a conference at home to which a foreign missionary might belong.

The bishop assumed the right to create a "Bombay and Bengal Mission" by fiat, which, being self supporting, was not to be under the Missionary Society. He made William Taylor superintendent of the same, vested with power to appoint pastors and other workers and go forward with his program till the General Conference should see fit to set them up in business as a regular Annual Conference. The General Conference of 1876, at Baltimore, Maryland, authorized the organization of the South India Conference, and also authorized the Mission at the north to be constituted the North India Conference.

This action of Bishop Harris put new springs in William Taylor's soul and gave encouragement to his supporters. For the first time in his unselfish, sacrificial struggle he had regular standing and recognition. "All the India empire," he

joyfully wrote, "outside our India Mission Conference, was assigned to me under the title of the Bombay and Bengal Mission."

The New Forward Movement

Dr. James Thoburn resigned his work in the north and joined Taylor's mission. There were other valuable recruits from prominent ranks of leadership. Confidence was quickened, and the work moved on apace, with the blessing of God. Early in that year of 1873 Taylor had entered Calcutta, where the work to this day, with its institutions and its evangelism, is a monument to the honor of Taylor and Thoburn.

Dr. Moffatt of Cawnpore, having moved to Calcutta, invited Taylor to undertake work there. Out of courtesy Taylor wrote Rev. John Richards, who had charge of the British Wesleyan work in that field. Richards was blessed under Taylor's ministry in South Africa and will be remembered in our "Good Hope" chapter as the man who received Taylor with such gracious timidity and announced that "a stranger will preach tomorrow." Richards assured him that he would be glad to have him conduct a week of meetings in the Wesleyan Church, of which he was pastor, but tried to persuade him to limit his labors to their church, and not to organize. He explained that wherever he found the Wesleyan organiza-

tion adequate to the demands of the country he would not feel at liberty to organize on the same ground. His words to the spokesman of the Wesleyan Church at this epochal juncture are of sufficient historic significance to be recorded: "Here in Bengal there is a population of sixty-six millions, and this little church is the only representative of Methodism in this great Presidency. You have been working here for nine years, and you now see what you can do and what you cannot do. The style of agency necessary to secure a great work of God, adequate to his purposes, is also necessary to conserve and extend it. It is not the work of a passing evangelist, simply, but requires the enlistment and combined struggle of millions of martyr spirits for a hundred years."

The reader will be interested in reviewing the significance of Calcutta at that time, and noting Taylor's account of the "Black Hole" tragedy, which took place about sixteen years prior to his coming: "Calcutta, the great capital of the Indian empire, was not primarily a native city, but commenced as a trading post of the East India Company. The English flag was first hoisted there on the 24th of August, 1690. It was in 1702 that they directed their attention to the building of the town of Calcutta and gave minute directions regarding its streets and houses. They completed the fort, surrounded it with an intrenchment,

and mounted it with cannon. It, however, remained long in a poorly defended state; for it was in 1756 that it was taken by Seraja Dowlah, a Mohammedan nawab, with fifty thousand troops. It was by his order at that time that the celebrated 'Black Hole' tragedy was enacted. One hundred and forty-six persons were thrust at the point of the sword into a room not twenty feet square, in one of the hottest nights of the most sultry season of the year. The wretched prisoners soon became frantic with suffocating heat and insufferable thirst. The struggle to reach the window and catch a breath of air proved fatal to many. At length they began to sink one by one into the arms of death; and the few who survived that awful night owed their lives to the more free ventilation obtained by standing on the bodies of their deceased companions. When the door was opened in the morning only twenty-three came out alive, the most ghastly forms ever seen."

The new developments stimulated by Bishop Harris, with Thoburn becoming preacher in charge of the work at Calcutta, made William Taylor free to widen his range of activity. In response to a call, he sailed for Madras. "I paid my own fare, first class, one hundred rupees," he said. "I was nearly used up by excessive work, and the best accommodations were the cheapest

for me. By the mercy of God the voyage restored me."

The story of the work in Madras, Bangalore, and onward, in the East Indies, is a repetition of the story in the other fields; the seal of divine blessing was upon it. A number of Hindus were converted, among the rest. An illustration of the rapid spread of gospel fire is in the fact that in six and a half weeks he organized a church of more than one hundred converts in Bangalore and secured two church sites.

From this time forth the growth of the work in all the territory assigned Taylor was magical. The churches and schools that stand today in succession to those achievements will speak for themselves, in a land which at this writing is proving to be one of the most fruitful fields in the world for Christian conquest, and which presents a type of Christian discipleship whose purity of life and simplicity of faith is second to none in its general average. At the conclusion of his four years in India, Taylor was able to reflect: "It requires more than five thousand miles of travel to visit all the organized, self supporting centers of this work. It is called the Bombay, Bengal and Madras Mission, these being the three great centers of its operation; but it is not limited to these."

About this time Taylor received through the press the news of his father's death, at the age of seventy-nine. He still cherished a hope that he might see his mother, but before he could reach home the next year, his mother also passed away, at the age of seventy-five.

The Father of Constructive Missionary Evangelism

Taylor's method was constructive. India furnished the opportunity for him to put the Pauline method into practice in more ways than one. He took care not to ridicule or antagonize the religion of the peoples among whom he labored. He could not be lured into debate by the geniuses that attended his services. It appears that the average missionary of those times felt called to do some negative or destructive work in dealing with non-Christian religions, and that Taylor and the workers who trained under him introduced something of a revolution in methods at this point. His theory, like that of Paul, was always "to lay the major premise in the region of admitted truth", to argue from the known to the unknown, going down to the plane of the people's natural righteousness, invoking chosen gems of wisdom from their own poets and philosophers, and from these foundations preaching Jesus as Savior and Lord. Taylor was often an attorney *for* his foreign

clients, but he was never an attorney *to* them; he was a minister and a witness.

Home Again

About this time the fountain of solicitude for home broke forth afresh in his soul. There had been seven years and a half of separation from wife and children, by mutual agreement, as an offering of sacrifice to God and humanity. Stalwart men were at the posts in his beloved India field. He could help them better for a while laboring at home in their behalf, clearing up misunderstandings, securing new workers, and providing funds for transportation and building purposes. The late spring of 1875 found Taylor in America.

But his reunion with his family was to be much broken by two and a half years of the most wearing work he ever did in his life, selling books and preaching and pleading for resources to send missionaries to India. He succeeded in accomplishing large results, which were supplemented by liberal gifts from Henry Reed, and some of his friends in India.

It was for the nine years beginning with the spring of 1875 and ending at the General Conference of 1884, when he was elected Bishop for Africa, that William Taylor the venerable was to live himself into the heart of the Christian

people of the United States. About two years of that time, however, were spent in South America or enroute to and from that country in the two visits he made. His life in the States was governed by as much feeling of compulsion as it had been in India.

With D. L. Moody In London

Taylor's first visit home after the India campaign was interrupted by the following call which he received from London, inviting him to assist in D. L. Moody's famous city wide campaign in the world's metropolis: "Mr. Moody has requested me to write you," said R. C. Morgan, editor of *The Christian,* "in the hope that the Lord may give you to hear in this invitation the cry, 'Come over and help us.' Of course all expenses will be guaranteed. I may remind you that London is the metropolis of the world, and that to move this mighty city as it never has been moved is worth any effort which any number of men of God can put forth."

Of Moody's revival in London in 1875 Dr. Philip Schaff of New York said, "Such a movement the world has not seen since the days of Whitefield and Wesley, and it is wider in its results than the work of those two honored men. It is most unsectarian in its character, and, I may add, the most unselfish movement known in our

common history." When one clergyman in London asked Mr. Moody to print his creed before he came to that city, the evangelist answered, "My creed is in print." "Where?" was the general inquiry as many people reached for their note books. "In the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah," was the reply. "His answer was entirely satisfactory," we are told, "and there was no further question as to Mr. Moody's orthodoxy."

William Taylor was always broad enough for such a movement as this, and was a very logical man to invite as a helper in London. He was a good follower as well as a leader, always graceful in letting another leader have the spotlight when it was due. We are without means to tell the length of his sojourn in London responsive to this invitation in 1775, but a historic sidelight on his work with Moody occurs in an article that Jennie Fowler Willing gave to the press at the high tide of Taylor's service as Bishop of Africa. A Scotch churchman in England, "Who could hardly be expected to speak of a Methodist Bishop without a modifying word," told Mrs. Willing that he entertained William Taylor during Moody's London revival. The Scotchman called on Mr. Moody to induce him to go down to Bristol. Moody replied that he could not leave, but, he said: "Here is Mr. Taylor. He will go with you, and do you worlds of good." "And so he did."

Sharing His Vision With His Household

In those nine years during which California once more became the actual headquarters of "California Taylor" his boys all reached their manhood. Though these were busy years, filled with travel and solicitude, they marked some of his most beautiful home contacts and some of the happiest days of the family circle.

Those were the days in which his mighty soul was dominated with the conviction that all the mission fields of the world should be dotted with self supporting churches. Nor did his representations fall idly upon the ears of the church. Has any man more right to speak than he who has made good? Cannot Edison have a word on the future of electricity? May not Lindbergh publish his views upon the tomorrows of aviation? Before the eyes of the nation was the phenomenal fact that under the ministry of this evangelistic genius a vast spiritual empire had been born in a quadrennium. A work had been set in motion which in itself showed larger volume than did the entire denomination two generations previous; which was soon to rival in magnitude the entire apostolic movement in the first generation of Christian history, and which in many respects was quite as apostolic.

It was in the atmosphere of these emotions

that the startling South American adventure of our next chapter was born, and in which the psychic prerequisites were laid for Taylor to welcome his unexpected episcopal commission to the whole continent of Africa. He tried to mature the South American enterprise with the bishops, that he might go with their blessing and advice; but they were afraid that his zeal was out of proportion with his judgment. What presentiments he might have had that he would live to make some more telling strokes in Africa we cannot tell. It was his habit to cherish large visions for the kingdom of Christ and to sense the light of a guiding star, sometimes far in advance of his day for marching; but his loins were always girded and his light burning. It did not take him long to start when he heard his Master's voice.

PART IX.

The Voice of the Andes

From New York City to Callao, Peru, by steerage, at fifty-six years old. What is back of the impulse, what were to be the sequences? William Taylor, accompanied by his brother, Archibald Taylor, made the run between the dates of October 16 and November 3, in the year 1877. He held a theory favorable to traveling first class, "for the sake of one's respectability and to support the carrying companies." But, since he was scarce of money, he believed that "his dignity would keep for eighteen days in the steerage." He maintained this view after having made over sixty sea voyages first class, "at the cost", said he, "of enough of my hard earned dollars to give my sons a university education and keep me comfortably the rest of my life."

Flushing Lost Humanity

Here was a man of scientific spirit, who always reduced the concessions of the miraculous to a

minimum, but who sensed his quarry with a precision as weird as that of a hound following wild game for his master on cold trail across streams and valleys of the desert. He had a leading, and an intuition of results in South America, but did not ascribe it to miracle. He had sniffed the breezes from the coasts of Chili and the Argentine as he sailed for California in 1849. By means of books and manifold conversations with fellow travelers on all the oceans he had got an answer to the question, Which are the neediest and most neglected fields on earth? Thus in spirit he had obeyed the command, "Lift up your eyes and look." South America had caught his attention. His discerning mind had analyzed certain new possibilities of evangelism and human uplift.

As his part had been completed in India and competent hands were to garner the results of his sacrifice in that cradle of ancient civilization, this new world with its neglected treasuries of humanity fairly hypnotized him. When the clock struck, nothing could hold him; and the road to the objective of his inspired vision fairly shone. The steerage journey, which would have been veritable punishment for one who was not charmed with the challenge of duty and impelled by the impulse of love, was pronounced "delightful" by him in his diary. He wrote celebrating the morning he

awoke at anchor in Callao harbor: "I can truly say, as it regards wholesome fare, and improved condition of health, it was the best voyage of my life." Indigestion had always kept him from the halls of feasting; and simple diet with rugged living had been conducive to his health.

The Survey

At the date of this enterprise, here were the facts about South America: Its various nations, told by Taylor in his studied survey, had a total population of about 26,000,000, with uncounted millions in Central America and Mexico whose disabilities were intimately related to those of South America. We may surmise the basis of Taylor's views regarding the spiritual destitution of the continent from an estimate twenty years later when the population totalled forty million, twenty-two million of whom were pure Indians and semi-civilized natives unreached by Catholic or Protestant missionary. Of the remaining eighteen thousand in the civilized edges, less than half were nominally Catholic, the majority being "educated unbelievers, who boast that they have no use for Christianity, having thrown off all allegiance to this faith when they abandoned Rome."

G. F. Arms, one of the ablest of the early leaders sent out by William Taylor, reflects in his

volume of history: "Had William Taylor been able to visit every part of South America, he would not have found in the whole field one single missionary belonging to any one of the great missionary societies of Europe or America working to evangelize these savage or semi-civilized Indians.....It seemed as if the missionary societies had made an addendum to Christ's great command, making it read, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature, except to the peoples of South America.'"

Not Out To Fight Catholics

William Taylor's courtesy to the Catholic Church, which for a while became displeasing to some of his less tolerant fellow Protestants, made it possible for him to go where many other non-Catholic ministers could not go, and secure co-operation. Yet he was able to see that the Catholic Church had been alloyed in the local conditions and had failed to give a proper account of itself in an unhindered opportunity of centuries, with the backing of the States and with public sentiment vastly predisposed in its favor.

Taylor did not enter South America to dispute the sway of Catholicism, nor did he go ostensibly to plant the banners of organized Protestantism. There was one stage, when brethren of his own denomination were heckling his progam, in which

he suggested the possibility that the labors on which he was so providentially and divinely set forth might turn out to be a revival of pure and undefiled religion in the Roman Catholic Church. This, however, was not to be the providential order; and it is entirely possible that he mistook the psychology of South American Catholicism when he ventured his optimistic suggestion.

Appeals To American Imagination

Three trips to South America and a vast volume of work at the home base in the interest of that continent, represented the total effort of William Taylor in planting this spiritual empire of the south. The time covered in the calendar of his life was from November, 1877, to May, 1884. It was the major, climactic part of that period in which he became best known in his native land. Beginning in 1875, on his return from India, he had been cooperating with the evangelistic movements of the country, lecturing and selling literature. He makes appreciative record of the way the American camp meetings opened for the support of his transit and building fund, and of the new allies that came to his side in those days. John S. Inskip and William McDonald espoused his cause, and, through their appeals and their papers, "first the *Christian Standard*, of Phila-

delphia, and later the *Christian Witness*, of Boston and Chicago, they became", said he, "my most effective financial agents."

It was impossible to know William Taylor without being impressed with his sincerity and spiritual vision, also his practical wisdom and the unique greatness of his personality. Up to this period, the British empire had known him far better than the American republic. It was in fields providentially located under the British flag that he had had his more massive growth and his elements of greatness had been brought out.

But this era of contact with the home field was to win for him the more definite appreciation of his fellow countrymen. Without the remotest thought or amibtion on his part, it was to reach its climax in an avalanche of votes at the General Conference of 1884, making him "Bishop of Africa." This, for the remainder of his life, and even down to the present, with those who were children in "the nineties", was to be followed by the celebration of his name around evangelical hearthstones, north and south, as a mighty Nimrod in the field of world evangelism and human uplift.

South American Cousins And Adam's Family

If ardent speech is the measure of inspira-

tion, South America was Taylor's magnetic touchstone. His book, "Our South American Cousins", written immediately after his opening survey, is decidedly the most fluent and entertaining of all his books. Parts of it have all the engaging qualities of a modern lyceum lecture, and in it will be found incorporated illustrative jokes and witticisms which have become material for after dinner speakers in our day, who are unaware of the source of their material. He said there were reported to be six thousand priests in Lima, "but I have not counted them." Speaking in humorous irony of the early Spanish attempts to improve South America, he wrote: "The manner of converting our cousins from the error of their ways is described by the same Padre Arriaga in an account of his first visit to the northern provinces in 1618. He states that he 'confessed 6,794 persons; detected 679 ministers of idolatry, and made them do penance.' He enumerates the number and variety of the gods he destroyed, making altogether 5,676 objects of idolatrous worship. Besides all this he adds that he 'chastised seventy-three witches.' " "What a great revivalist", said Taylor, "was Padre Arriaga! According to the historic narrative, the Spaniards long before this pious raid upon our cousins had killed 40,000 of them in that region. I suppose the natives had a good deal of the old Adam in them, and were rather hard

to convert." Branching from this suggestion, he asked, "And were they indeed descendants of Adam?"

In attempting to answer this question, William Taylor gives some views on anthropology that would command the respect of scientists today. When one reads Taylor's way of accounting for the superior prehistoric civilization in the new world it will appear that he offers almost the only rational solution. He suggests that humanity has buried as great a civilization as it now has. In "Our South American Cousins," he says: "Before the nations descending from Noah sank down so deeply into the slime-pits of lust and idolatry as to preclude the exercise of their genius and capacity for bold adventure, they crossed the waters and took possession of every part of the habitable earth, 'to replenish and subdue' it, according to the commandment of their Creator. Christopher Columbus, as a discoverer, was as one born out of due time. Every country in the world had been discovered and colonized long before he was born; so long that their charts and log books had all been lost—lost, indeed, before history began; but their colonies, still remaining to this day, demonstrate the maritime skill and bold adventure of the men who planted them. With the model of Noah's great ship, more commodious than the

'Great Eastern', why should they not build ships, and navigate the seas in those days?"

Driving The First Wedge

Between the time that William Taylor embarked from New York City for Callao, Peru, and the date of his return to New York, May 3, 1878, was a period of little more than six months. Discovered by the steamship magnates as a factor in South America's future, he certainly did not come back as a third class passenger. Without his own seeking, for he was independent to a fault, he came back to New York as a first class passenger at less than it cost him to go out in the steerage. A summary of the results of his trip, "by the miraculous providence of God," is as follows: Twelve centers were opened for educational and evangelizing work, and workers to fill these places were appointed and sent from the United States within two months after Taylor's return to New York. The persons selected were college and normal school graduates, as a rule, some of whom turned out to be among the most eminent leaders in missionary history. Others failed to stand the test.

It is interesting that this South American work of William Taylor should coincide with the presidency of Rutherford B. Hayes, who knew Taylor and admired him, and who had appraised

his value to his own country as an ambassador at large and a good will messenger among the nations. Taylor bore with him a personal letter of recommendation from President Hayes because of which the American minister at Santiago felt warranted in giving him special attention, and which led to his being introduced to President Anibal Pinto of Chili and his minister of education. Both of these officials were liberals, and gave him encouragement. The minister of education expressed an interest in having Taylor begin a school for girls in Santiago.

The method adopted was to begin work through American and European or English people who had settled in South America for commercial and industrial reasons. Usually, the point of emphasis was educational. A group of persons would be induced to sign a simple covenant, subscribing a definite amount to pay the transportation for one or more Christian teachers, and so much monthly for the teacher's support. A Committee was also appointed at each place to raise and administer the fund and receive the teacher. This was successfully arranged in Peru at Mollendo, Tanca, and Iquique; in Bolivia, at Antofagasta; in Chili, at Copiapo, Concepcion, and Talachuano. It was not possible, in the majority of cases, to get the people to subscribe for a preacher, though in some of the above centers the preaching feat-

ure was conceded in the subscription. But a transportation and monthly support fund were subscribed outright for preachers at Valparaiso, Huanillos (with Pabellon de Pica), Callao, Coquimbo, and Colon and Panama. In the first two centers the work was to be among the seamen, a seamen's Bethel to be established at Valparaiso.

Of all these "committees" created by Taylor, only two failed and threw the burden back on the missionaries. Those were at Concepcion and Mollendo. Concepcion was to be one of the few of the original stations to become permanent and important. Three teachers had been assigned there: William Wright, Lelia Waterhouse and Sarah Longley. These, however, proved to be the kind that could not be defeated. They called at the home of Mr. William Lawrence, the chairman of the committee, to be greeted with the statement from Mrs. Lawrence, "My husband declines to have anything to do with the school, for it may hurt his business with the Catholics." They were advised:"I think the best thing you can do is to turn about and go right home." When informed that the priests and the Catholic editors were talking awfully about them and setting the people against them, Miss Waterhouse saw in this another promise of success. "A very good way to advertise us", was her quiet reply. The romance of Christian education and evangelism then be-

gun in Concepcion by these determined heroes of the Taylor Mission was to have a splendid succession. This suggestive reference is given by G. F. Arms in his history of the Taylor Missions published in 1921: "Writing now forty full years after that date, I am able to state that the work begun by them under such discouraging circumstances has gone on without interruption from that day, and with marked success." The failure of the Mollendo committee, which had to be overcome by Mr. and Mrs. Magnus Smith, was due to the same consideration of boycott, which extended also to the prospective patrons of their school.

A Many Sided Program

Within nine months after the date of William Taylor's arrival in New York from his first South American tour he had put twenty-four missionaries in that field. The majority of these were educational missionaries. This may seem paradoxical to one who is familiar with William Taylor's strong reliance on preaching. A small man's consciousness tends to become saturated with the things next to him. If they are highly entertaining they will likely fill his horizon. If he is a successful preacher, with a message that sweeps the audience, he can see nothing but his own line, and cannot be relied upon to promote other phases

of the work with any degree of constancy and heartiness. This may be true of an educator or reformer or social or industrial specialist who lacks enlargement. No man had more occasion than William Taylor to become unduly enamored of the idea that the preaching evangelist is the hope of the world; yet his proneness to help and save men by all means appeared from the beginning. It became more pronounced in the latter half of his life.

It must be granted that the making of evangelical Christians was the understood objective of every teacher sent out. Good education, sound doctrinal convictions and spiritual zeal were three fundamental requirements in every person appointed. Good health and common sense were considerations also, though some broke down on these two tests. In some of these schools very great tact was required to avoid impressing the community that Protestant propaganda was in the air. In a sense these educators copied some of the finer methods of Jesuitism, which have been condemned, but which we think are admissible. They were diplomats, giving second place, at first, to the things which they intended to give first place, at last.

One of the objections of certain church leaders in America was lodged at this point, namely that educational work was given preeminence

over evangelism. But the church has copied the same policy since that time, in nearly all its fields, with the disadvantage often of having its educational work entrusted to people who have no evangelistic passion and no ultimate motive to seek the regeneration of those they were employed to teach.

It reflects nothing against the net results of William Taylor's investment in South America that the majority of the first outposts were abandoned. Probably not more than three or four of these first bases have witnessed a monumental work, but these exert an influence throughout the continent. The failure of one station would usually become the automatic agency of providence for the opening of another. The irregularities were due largely to the bitter four years war which broke out, a year after the missions were opened, with Chili against Bolivia and Peru.

Stages of Success

But, with all the handicaps and changes, the first period, of ten years, showed a total of twenty-two established missionaries in that field, with churches, schools or Bethel work going with fair success; at Coquimbo, Santiago, Concepcion, Iquique, and Angol, with properties totalling between a hundred thousand and a hundred and fifty thousand dollars in value. When the work

was fifteen years old we find Bishop Vincent writing of that part which was in Chili alone having "a property amounting to $200,000 in gold", and stating that "forty-eight ministers and teachers from the United States are at work in this field." When the mission was twenty-five years old, after prolonged adjustments, it was changed from the William Taylor self supporting plan, and has since been administered regularly, like all other conferences and missions related to the Board of Foreign Missions. The record shows that there were then a good publishing house, and several efficient schools of secondary and higher learning. There was one Annual Conference, and a Missionary Conference. There were nearly twenty-five hundred church members and probationers, with a number of godly evangelists, pastors and teachers who had been raised up on the soil to share the work of their brethren and sisters from the United States.

The Panama work, property and all, had been given to the British Wesleyans. Missionary enterprises of other denominations had inherited talent, opportunity and vantage ground from the investments of Taylor and his band which can never be tabulated in figures or told in books.

Taylor made an evangelistic expedition to Brazil in 1880 of which very little is said in his

own writings. He was accompanied by Rev. and Mrs. Justis H. Nelson, under whom a line of self supporting mission work was opened, record of which may be found in the history of Methodist Missions for South America. Methodism had abandoned its former mission in Brazil and the entire field was untouched by either of the Methodisms when Taylor entered.

All of South America having felt the result of the renewed missionary impulse, the church saw fit in 1904 to appoint a "Bishop for South America." These developments were taking shape about the time that the venerable "Bishop of Africa," having leaned upon his staff for a while and listened to the bells in the soft evening light, had slipped across the divide to receive his just appraisal and his higher reward. Willam F. Oldham was raised up in India, and turned, as a young man, from a life of great temporal promise to one of loving sacrifice for Christ, under the inspiring evangelistic appeal of William Taylor. It seems an impressive providence that we should be completing this volume of Taylor's Biography just as Bishop Oldham completes eight years of episcopal service in South America, ending at the same time his tenure of office, reaping in that grand continent where his spiritual father sowed the seeds. They have been two quadrenniums of marked progress, and they end with a hopeful

outlook for future years, under the blessing of God.

Weighed In The Light Of History

The light of history purifies our reasoning. It makes some things look small which might have been bulky enough in their day to cause an eclipse. It brings out the grandeur of some events which failed to get a rating in due season.

There was a quality of idealism in Taylor's self supporting plan. It worked in his own life, down to sunset; though it left him with no palace in which to die, and his children had no fortune to administer except their inheritance of his illustrious name. It was usually St. Paul's method. It made for a manly independence in the missionary. It stimulated appreciation and response in the people to whom the ministries were brought. It tended to shift the field of Christian conquest from the ne'er-do-wells to the higher and more substantial classes in the non-Christian lands. It led to the elimination of unworthy or unqualified persons in missionary work.

On the other hand, this idealism sometimes came into fatal collision with mundane facts. There were misconnections, sickness, adversities, and national tragedies over which the missionary had no control. These, together with the need of strong central supervision, argued in favor of a mutual organization with a budget appropriation.

The concession of the self-support plan that the home base might pay for the transportation and housing of missionaries left the conclusion that offerings among the native constituents could be only for the salary of workers. Facts of experience proved that this was the most embarrassing basis of appeal for the missionary in his organization. Often he could raise large money for permanent improvement when small money would be given for salaries.

The failure in the arrival of the South American subscriptions to pay the expenses of the first outgoing missionaries made it necessary for them to break their engagement or go by steerage. They chose the latter, and the suffering and hardships of some of the elect women especially, led to criticism of Taylor's South American work. Some circumstances of hardship in the field had the same result, as individuals were called to encounter national or industrial disturbances and sickness and death. But the miraculous providences with which some of the patient, trusting missionaries were compensated read like a chapter in the Acts of the Apostles. And, let it go down to their final credit, the criticism and dissatisfaction did not come from the greatest sufferers. They marched through fire and flood without complaining, and, as this volume is written, some of them still take rank as peers in that

field, to bear testimony that the liabilities of William Taylor's self supporting mission looks small when laid down beside its results in the production of good to mankind and its contribution to the church.

A Few Clouds In The Sky

The difference between William Taylor and the majority of administrative leaders in the Missionary Society and the College of Bishops headed up in the early eighties. We say the majority because there were always some influential voices, like Hurst and Buckley, that were more considerate of Taylor's viewpoint. From the time that Taylor planted South India Methodism there had been a feeling that his strenuous emphasis upon self support in the foreign field might put wrong ideas in the people at home upon whom the Missionary Society was dependent for its world program, and thus do more harm than could be compensated by the fruitfulness of William Taylor's ministry, which no one was disposed to disparage.

The developments of intervening years leave us free now to say that, with the best of intentions, both sides were too strenuous. The spectre as viewed by the church leaders, threatening to hurt the missionary income, was not dangerous. On the principle that the Lord helps them that

help themselves, we are discovering that Christian men of large business judgment will invest more for a cause on a principle of grants in aid than they will contribute when they have no assurance that there will be some hustling at the other end of the line. On the other hand, with all due respect to William Taylor's fear that it would ruin the self supporting plan to mix it with the philanthropic program of the Board, it has been proved by test that they mix admirably.

In the terms of the final disagreement between William Taylor and the church leaders it appears that Taylor was right, in the main, if we are to accept the consensus of the ensuing General Conference, 1884, and the administrative policies deemed practical since those days. Taylor held that he had an inherent right to organize self supporting churches outside of the United States and have them attached to an annual conference that might be designated, or organized into annual conferences with the same rights and privileges that were enjoyed by these subdivisions of the church in the United States. This privilege was ruled out of order by the administrative leaders, with the result that Taylor appealed to the General Conference, which enacted a law providing what Taylor claimed as his natural right.

The disagreement, however, became so tense that the General Missionary Committee, near the

close of 1882, gave William Taylor's men in South America the choice between abandoning their work or losing their recognition as itinerant ministers. All of them but one made the sacrifice and lost their conference membership. One decided to return to the States and retain his conference relation. It is recorded as a pathetic coincidence that he died on his homeward voyage.

William Taylor's membership was in the South India Conference, of which he was the founder, and the ruling did not locate him; but much as he prized his membership, and much as he might need it, to get him a voice for his appeal in the ensuing quadrennial conference, he resigned his conference membership, refusing to have his brethren sustain a humiliation without sharing it himself.

To the subcommittee which issued the ultimatum Taylor said, "I will refer the case to the next General Conference. I will take the first steamer for South America, and not return till the time for the General Conference of 1884, so that the Church shall not be disturbed by any discussion of the subject."

The Last South American Visit

In the ensuing January, 1883, Taylor sailed again for South America, visiting the different stations down the coast, as far south as Santiago.

He then returned to Coquimbo and took charge of a church which had no pastor. There was also a school work in Coquimbo at that time, for which he bought a splendid plat of ground, using for the purchase, the pastor's salary of one hundred twenty five dollars per month which was allowed him, and some money sent him from the United States. He and W. T. Robinson labored with their own hands in the erection of a two story wooden building for the school. It must have been a kind of penance for Taylor to fasten himself down for nearly a year in one little corner when his better judgment told him that he was needed at the center of things to stimulate the world movement with which he was connected. He wrote to Dr. Ira La Fetra during those days: "With the commission of the angel flying through the midst of heaven bearing the everlasting gospel to preach to the nations for the past one fourth of a century, to have my wings clipped and to be stuck down in a duck pond with tadpoles for nearly a whole year, is no joke for a man of my years; but I accept it as of the Lord, and he gives me strength according to my need."

Meet "Bishop Taylor"

The South India Conference was determined to honor William Taylor, and they probably knew the situation well enough to see that he

should have a chance to speak in the General Conference. To his surprise, therefore, they elected him a "lay delegate" to the General Conference, since his loss of conference membership had made him technically a layman. So, up to the quadrennial Conference he went, in the city of Philadelphia. Before the Committee on Missions, of which he himself had been made a member, had time to report on his petition settling the issue about the rights of self supporting churches in the foreign field, William Taylor had been elected Missionary Bishop for Africa. The naming of Taylor for that responsible post, though a new thought to the delegates of the Conference, was received with enthusiasm. The opposing vote was negligible, though in the opposition were some good men of prominence who feared that the enthusiastic support of William Taylor evidenced a harmful departure from the best canons of conservatism.

William Taylor was just a few days over sixty-three years of age when challenged to undertake the enormous task of organizing a drive for the redemption of Africa. He had been thrust into it by the providences of his South American movement. Even the disagreements that distressed his ecclesiastical superiors and pained him sufficiently to have subtracted ten years from his nervous vitality were links in the chain of

events that made him Bishop of Africa. In his soul he was still a young man, and his powerful body was adequate to run the breakers, ford the streams and conquer the long roads of the largest grand division of the earth. Sorrow, chastening, study, achievement, contact with men, and solution of problems, had enhanced the development of William Taylor. While he could enter Africa with the agility of a woodsman, he was prepared to negotiate personally with the rulers of Europe; and we shall find that he was to be persona grata where even the ambassadors of state could not enter.

PART X.

The Inheritance of Ham

As the spring buds began to swell in 1896 the American press carried a news item that William Taylor, the patriarch of Africa, had landed once more upon the soil of his homeland. He had come to attend the General Conference which was to hear his last formal report. He had blazed the trail for the gospel heralds up the Congo and in other strategic points on both the eastern and western coasts and in the interior of Africa. He and his small army of industrial and educational missionaries had set a pace for the churches of Christendom.

Within this period of twelve years the English speaking world had heard more of Africa than it had ever heard before in the same length of time. The departure of Taylor's company in 1884 caused as much excitement as the march of Coxey's army toward the capital at Washington. On each of his returns his work was cele-

brated by widespread interest. There was always something about William Taylor that made strong appeal to the imagination. He was a powerful attorney for any cause that he represented, and his graphic appeals and portrayals had produced large results in behalf of Africa.

Uncharitable Prophecy

The General Conference that elected William Taylor had faith in the possibilities of self supporting missions. They were not entirely committed to the theory, but they were determined to give it a fair trial. We are not sure that the trial was a fair one, owing to the peculiar difficulties of the African field, but Taylor won the game over every handicap. A magazine writer dwelling on the subject after Taylor's first four years in Africa remarked as follows: "What a contrast between this tirade of abuse and prognostication of evil and the actual results. Only four years have passed since this company set foot on that shore, and yet we see sixty stations well manned and successful, among as many African tribes, which were to eat these men, women and children up in three months! If any were left, the climate was to destroy them, and if any survived the climate, they were to return wrecks in body and mind!"

For the amusement of his readers this same

magazine writer at the end of Taylor's first four years in Africa republished an editorial from *The New York Times* entitled, "A Dangerous Crank," in which at the outset of Taylor's first campaign *The Times* had this to say:

The American Consul at Sierra Leone has written to the State Department concerning a band of forty American missionaries who propose to journey a thousand miles into the interior to convert the natives.

"This is the band led by an alleged Bishop and undoubted crank who some time ago attracted attention by announcing that he intended to teach the Africans a sort of phonetic writing in order that, while they should be able to read good books printed in accordance with his phonetic system, they would be unable to read infidel and demoralizing books printed in English. He has with him many women and a large number of children, some of whom are mere infants. A madder project than that of marching these women and children into the heart of Africa was never conceived.

"It is with the utmost difficulty that well-armed parties can make their way through the territories of the savage African tribes, and only the strongest men, acclimated by previous residence in Africa, can resist the pestilential climate. Fully three-fourths of the heroic men who have

undertaken the work of African exploration have fallen victims to the fevers, and those who have survived and returned to civilization have, with scarcely an exception, brought back with them shattered constitutions.

"Of the forty persons who are to be led into the wilderness by the 'crank' in question, it is doubtful if a single one escapes the murderous savages through whom Stanley fought his way on his journey down the Congo. If a remnant does survive to reach the proposed mission field, it is very certain that not one of the women or children will be among them. These helpless people will die like sheep of the deadly coast fever, and the only consolation will be that they will escape the hardship and starvation which must be endured by those who survive.

"It was impracticable for our own Government to forbid these people to leave our shores, but it may be possible for the American Consuls in Africa to throw such obstacles in their way as will prevent them from attempting to carry out their purpose. It would be quite proper to treat them as lunatics and to ship them home by the first vessel. That the leader is a lunatic of a very dangerous kind is evident."

There was a manifest effort on the part of many persons to manufacture news in the months

that followed, confirming the prophecies of *The New York Times*. "The prediction of death to all the women and children and most of the men within three months, and the anathemas poured on me for such cruelty," said Taylor, "rang in our ears from Liverpool to Loanda." Soon after they reached Africa the daily papers in Portugal and England reported that half of his people were dead. It seems to have been customary in those days on the coasts of Africa to invent news as a means of entertainment.

On that subject, the following clever reminiscence by Bishop Taylor after his retirement will be of interest: "It was early reported that we were all dead, but the African coast is noted for the unreliability of its news. Men isolated from accustomed surroundings are so hungry for intelligence from the outside world that the occasional trader or "skipper" is tempted to follow the advice given by an Irish editor to a new reporter, 'If your mimiry fails ye, invint.' On one occasion I was picked up early in the morning by a coast steamer, and sitting by the side of the captain at breakfast, I heard a fellow-passenger's question and his reply: 'Captain, what became of that American Bishop, Taylor, who brought such a large party of missionaries to this coast?' 'O, he was taken down with the dead-

ly fever and tried to make his escape, but he died and was buried at sea, poor fellow.' I knew that was a lie as soon as I heard it!"

Winning The First Verdict

The simple fact is that only four out of the forty died in the four years. Two of these were medical missionaries and two were children. The party was marvelously preserved in health and efficiency to labor, and the facts of their achievements brought back to the General Conference of 1888 contributed to the thrill that was produced in William Taylor's address upon that occasion. The impression produced by William Taylor's first quadrennial report may be inferred by the eloquence that it stimulated in the columns of the daily press. He was the hero of the hour, the center of interest, at the seat of the conference. The news report and word picture of his appearance before the General Conference furnished to the press by E. M. Mills, Ph. D., is worth preserving as a part of our history. It follows:

"Some people have no respect or admiration for any man or event of their own age. They revere dead prophets and build monuments to their memory, but they neglect, if they do not persecute, living ones. They regard as holy the place where a saint of a past age toiled and prayed, but the living saint must not expect too much sympathy

or cooperation from them. No man in the flesh is so wise or holy as to receive much consideration from these worshippers of the past. They are amazed at the skeptics, who doubt that God directed and protected His Ancient Church, but they regard with greater wonder their fellow-Christians who believe that God is in the midst of His Church now. They are familiar with the doings of the Church Councils at Jerusalem, Nicaea and Trent, but they are comparatively ignorant of the conferences and assemblies where the Church of today meets to thank God for triumphs unparalleled in any other century, and plan for greater conquests in the name of Jesus.

"The future historian of our Church will count as one of the most memorable the General Conference of 1888. Great questions came up for consideration. And the treatment they received was creditable to the intelligence and piety of the men who constituted this highest Council of our Church. But in dramatic effect, the day when the Missionary Bishop of Africa made his report, surpassed all the other days of that eventful month of May. No living man in the Methodist Church is more widely known than William Taylor. The General Conference four years before, in 1884, in making a missionary bishop, had, as recognized, been trying an experiment. And on the wisdom of the measure, after four years of trial,

the judgment of the Church is divided. The vast building in which the General Conference meets is crowded to hear Bishop Taylor tell of his work, which many hope will vindicate the action already taken and prepare the way for further legislation and the more general acceptance of the principle of missionary bishops.

"He comes forward! What an ovation he receives! The applause, enthusiastic and long continued, subsides only to break out again and again. He has the heart of the Conference—that is sure. He has addressed audiences on all the continents and many of the islands of the globe, but he never spoke to a larger or more sympathetic one. And it is not of gratitude that some one cynically defines as 'a lively sense of favors to come' that secures him such a reception. There is no scramble for the pulpits of the first churches of Dondo, Nhanguepepo, Pungo Andongo or Malange, in Angola. His mail is not burdened with the letters of ministers seeking transfers to his Conference. Neither does it arise from the full acceptance of his doctrine of self-supporting missions, for some of his most enthusiastic admirers feel that the feasiblity of his plans remains to be demonstrated. This loving greeting is a tribute to the greatness of the Christian hero, William Taylor. While we are waiting for the applause to subside, let us look at the bronzed, bearded

bishop, whose sixty-seven years rest so lightly on him. He begins to speak! From the opening to the closing sentence of his long report not a word is lost by that interested multitude. Imagine, if you can, the thrill that runs over the thousands who listen to him as he tells them of the perils through which he comes, and continues, 'Friends and foes predicted that I and my deluded followers would be dead in three months. I could not contradict them, but I put my life into it, and went forward in the name of the Lord. The Lord Jesus had confidence in me and led me by the hand. The loving Holy Spirit has indeed been my guide and comforter. The eternal Father was as really present with me as the stars that shone nightly in my face, sleeping all the time, as I did, in the open air. Glory be to God the Father, Son and Holy Ghost.'

"He seemed to many to reach the climax of his report where he says: 'In settling my people on that line of 150 miles from Dondo to Malange, I walked to and fro an aggregate distance of over 600 miles. As before stated, it is a rough, narrow path, but it is the caravan trail of the ages. The hundred thousands of slaves sold in Loanda for 200 years trod this weary way, mid tears and blood—poor captives whose fathers had been slain because they dared to defend their homes, and their aged kindred were burnt up in the destruc-

tion of their towns. On each side of this path is a continuous grave-yard 150 miles long. Many a dark night on that dreary way, I seemed to hear the dead speaking to me, and saying, O, messenger of God, why came you not this way to speak words of comfort to us before we died?'

"The applause at the conclusion of his report was as cordial as at the opening. The General Conference, by its reception of Bishop Taylor and legislation concerning him, virtually said to him: 'We honor and trust you. If you make a success of self-supporting missions in Africa, there are many other points where we can adopt your methods.'

"Africa is intimately associated with the names of three men of our generation: David Livingstone sleeps in Westminster Abbey; Stanley, living or dead, is near the heart of the Dark Continent; and the last, but not the least, William Taylor, may he live to see that for which Livingstone, and Cox, and Hannington died, and the millions of the Church militant pray—the redemption of Africa."

Henry M. Stanley, Taylor's friend, was missing at the time of this General Conference, but he worked his way back to civilization a few weeks later and wrote the introduction to Taylor's last book, ten years after this General Conference of 1888.

Speeding Toward Sunset

The life of William Taylor viewed as a whole reminds us of the theory of horsemen who drive their steeds long distances under pressure. They move out on the first leg of the journey with a brisk and dependable speed. They maintain this gait till the sun declines toward evening. Then hardened to the road they find it possible to endure greater effort and maintain a more rapid speed until sunset. They count on this home stretch to make their schedule, holding the theory that high pressure is more logical on the last lap of the journey.

The ordinary man cannot answer to this analogy in the journey of life. In his sixties he must modify his gait, and often when he reaches his three score and ten it is decided that his race is run. The African episcopate was the supreme challenge of William Taylor's life. It came when he was sixty-three years old. Great efforts and mammoth achievements had gone to record in the history of his life, but whatever may be said of the achievements, we can record as a certainty that the most powerful efforts of his life were put forth during a decade or more which followed the sixty-third anniversary of his birth.

Large matters move slowly. It required seven months to assemble the stores, to select the army

of workers and secure the transit and building funds with which the new Bishop of Africa was to make his first expedition. He was to leave in December with forty people, accompanied with all the equipage deemed necessary in the wisdom and practical forethought of Taylor. The party went first to London where hotel arrangement had been made for them by one of Taylor's friends. One of the London hotel managers refused entertainment to the party upon the ground that "he would not allow a lot of niggers to come into his house." But the hotel that provided them entertainment was surprised to find that there was not a single colored person in the group.

Colored Men And Missions

With all of Taylor's cordial friendship to the American colored people, he never saw fit to make large use of them in his African enterprises. He held that the American negro had a service to render to Africa but that it lay in the future. Under this head we quote from a statesmanlike volume by George Lansing Taylor published by the Methodist Book Concern in 1888 in which the author seems to have had direct conference with William Taylor upon the subject mentioned.

"The American Negro is not free and strong enough in soul yet, not far enough removed from

the effects of his own late servitude, not sure enough of himself yet, to be trusted or to trust himself, in any great numbers, on the slippery edge of the moral mire-hole of unrestrained paganism. It takes the moral stuff of men whose very race-stock has been through the purifying fires and under the compacting hammers of ages of Christian discipline to make the best material for great missionaries. The American African needs the school of liberty, manhood, culture and religion in America a little longer, and he knows it, and is doing gloriously in it. The native African, born free, 'every man a king,' as the manyuema people told Livingstone they were, such men, converted and educated in the equality and superiority of their own countries, may soon develop the stamina to become flaming apostles and great ecclesiastics in their own country. The martyr spirit of those already converted shows the stuff on which the future Church of Africa can be built. And by and by the American Negro, better matured and cultured than most are now, can go to Africa as the foreign professor comes from Europe to America, to find a school prepared for his higher instruction, which he brings from older seats of culture. But at present, he neither much wishes to go to Africa as a missionary, nor does the African native want him. Bishop William Taylor informed the writer, while

this article was unfinished, that he had found only one or two native chiefs yet who were willing to have black teachers, from America or elsewhere, sent them. They almost invariably stipulate that their teachers and preachers shall be white men; and the white man gets along more smoothly and economically, and gets acclimated just as easily as the imported Negro. This, then, remains: The white man, bringing the white woman with him, must apostle Africa till native apostles are raised. This is just the theory on which our heroic Bishop William Taylor is now leading his invading army of clerical and industrial missionaries—nearly all whites—into the heart of the Dark Continent."

"The Lord's Word Is Good For It"

It was while passing through London with his first party of missionaries for Africa that Taylor met for the third time a Scotch friend whom he had known first in India and who in their second acquaintance had entertained him during the time Taylor assisted D. L. Moody in the city wide campaign in London in 1875, a reference to which we make in Part VIII. A quotation from this Scotchman will give us an idea of the impressive providences which usually coincide with Taylor's serene faith:

"When I heard that he was passing through

London with forty missionaries, I ran up to get a word with him once more. Ah! It was refreshing to see his grand battle-scarred face. He went to lunch with me that day, and while we were sitting at the table one of the party asked him if he had plenty of money to take such a troop over to Central Africa? I never shall forget how perfectly quiet and restful his manner was, when he replied, 'No, I haven't the money to take them on with; but that doesn't matter; the Lord's Word is good for it. I have only one concern about the whole business,—that is to see that I obey orders. He has promised to supply all my need. He plans the campaign and attends to commissary department.'

"After lunch I took a cab, telling the bishop that it would give me pleasure to pilot him wherever he wanted to go. He said a man had written, asking him to come to the Winchester Building, and, if I did not mind, he would like to go and see what he wanted. So to the Winchester Building we went, and found a gentleman whose only business it seemed to be to deliver a letter that a lady had given him for the bishop. He would have posted it, but she seemed a little particular that it should be delivered in person. 'All right, sir,' said the good man, 'and thanks for your kindness.' He opened the letter, and found that it was from a lady that he did not know, and it

contained a five hundred pound note. When I bade him good-bye, I was reminded that I had ten pounds of the Lord's money that ought to go into the Central African work. That made five hundred ten pounds, two thousand five hundred and fifty dollars of American money, for him to use in getting his missionaries to their work, and helping them get about it."

Four years later, referring to this same theme of financial support in an editorial for the African News, William Taylor remarked:

"But there was no lack. Brethren and sisters throughout this great country, and in Canada, anticipated every need. Let me change that a little: the Lord anticipated them, and put it into the hearts of kind friends to supply them just as they were needed. A few had so persistently tried to throw a wet blanket on our efforts that some were afraid our resources would be crippled. But God knows how to care for his own; so that our dear friends, without knowing they were making our debtor and credit columns balance, gave us just the amount we needed, with a little for the Bishop to take with him for immediate necessities on his way and on arriving in Africa. There was little left in the treasury but sterling faith in God and the people."

From One To Ten Talents

A large proportion of Taylor's missionaries in Africa were laymen. They were chosen with a view to their education, consecration, and talent. Within his group was talent sufficient to harness the forces of nature and do most anything that needed to be done in the line of industrial missions. Taylor's very reasonable answer to those who criticised his use of ministers in secular work was that missionaries under the Board in other fields lost many months studying languages, and that his ministers, while acquiring the language, would set examples for the natives in the art of making a living, and would also secure their own health by perspiring enough to keep the poison out of their systems.

Among Taylor's missionaries on the field was the famous negro evangelist, Amanda Smith, who went to Liberia of her own accord, two years ahead of Taylor, to antagonize the rum traffic and lead the forces of reform and evangelism. Amanda spent seven years in that field and made some trips with Taylor's pioneer parties to establish new missionary centers. She was a woman of commanding personality and it was obvious to all that she was a miracle of grace. Her biography has been written. It is interesting to note the value that Taylor attached to the labors of this

famous colored woman. We quote a passage of advice to her, characteristic of William Taylor, which she published in the *Southwestern Christian Advocate* of New Orleans, the organ of the colored conferences of Methodism: "Your friends in America everywhere inquire after you, and are anxious to see you. I am glad to learn that your working power is up at least to medium standard. If you will be sure of eight or nine hours of sleep every night, and one day per week for Sabbatic rest, then you may count on working effectively for twenty years to come. If you won't do this, then five or six years of waning strength will finish you. I am anxious that our Father shall get all the effective work by you possible."

Taylor's missionaries had no promise of furlough. They enlisted for "the duration of the war." He reasoned that if some proved unfit for the work, as a few did, a three or five-year term was too long. Those who setlted down in real success were not to have terms governered by an artificial calendar.

Africa Before Taylor's Day

The little republic of Liberia, colonized and developed by American negroes, was the only African work that American Methodism had when Taylor was elected Bishop. The church had

been toiling and sacrificing in that field ever since the outgoing of Melville B. Cox fifty years before. It had cost the church $750,000 in money, and many precious lives. A note of complaint regarding the poor investment appeared in the *Philadelphia Methodist* from the pen of Chaplain C. C. McCabe some time after Taylor's election. "We notice some improvement," he wrote, "since Bishop Taylor went there." In those days the Missionary Society was under criticism for refusing to appropriate a proportionate share of money for Africa. In the same article, which was mainly a defense of the Society's policies, Secretary McCabe said:

"The Missionary Society is determined, henceforth, that every one who receives a dollar of the sacred money entrusted to its care must earn every penny of it. Meanwhile, let those who think the Missionary Society capable of improperly withholding money from Africa, ponder the above facts, and let us cure our depression about the meager results of fifty-six years' work in Liberia by anticipating the promised glorious victory that is to be won by William Taylor and his band upon the Dark Continent. Victory will come. Other denominations are succeeding gloriously in Africa. Why may not we? Give us the men that can bring things to pass, and the General Conference Committee will favorably con-

sider a proposition for a large increase in appropriations."

There was to be a substantial growth of the work in Liberia under Taylor's leadership, and yet the work in that little country was destined thereafter to be only a small fraction of the church's enterprises in the Dark Continent. It was the only work whose missionaries were selected and supported by the Missionary Society for the twelve years of Taylor's administration. In the other fields he and his special committee selected the workers, raised the funds to get them started, and assumed responsibility for them.

After getting a favorable discount in London on the transportation of his laborers, in January, 1886, Taylor moved out ahead of them. He was eager to reach the scenes of his work, and it was necessary for him to hasten, to preside over the Liberia conference. His first direct work was to preside over that conference and conduct a revival in Monrovia.

As soon as the preliminary arrangements could be made, Taylor began to plant new stations in Angola and in the region of the Congo. His Angola missions were more successful than his Congo missions, but they all represent a wonderful history.

After he had proved the possibility of planting the stations in those interior centers under the

control of the Portuguese government, the officials of that government took new hope. To quote Taylor's record, referring to the Governor General: "It revived a forlorn hope in his heart and in the hearts of the Portuguese people generally. Soon after, they commenced the construction of a railroad into the interior."

Standing Before Kings

Taylor soon felt that there would be an advantage of prestige if he could have a direct interview with the King of Portugal and also with the King of Belgium. Having this in mind and some other benefits he wished to secure for his work, he made a trip to Europe as soon as he got his pioneer party of missionaries settled in Angola. This first of several important visits to Europe in the interest of his work took place between September, 1885, and the opening weeks of the new year, 1886. In all these contacts with national leaders Taylor's acquaintance with Ex President Rutherford B. Hayes was a valuable asset, and he was able to present a cordial letter of commendation from this eminent friend.

There were definite obstacles in the way of Taylor's securing a personal interview with the kings of Portugal and Belgium, obstacles which could not be surmounted by the American Ambassadors, who were always very courteous and

obliging in their attitude to the Bishop. In Portugal the ambassador required a week to introduce Taylor to the king, but Taylor by a more direct process of his own invention amazed the ambassador in securing for both of them a prompt audience with the king. The circumstances were similar at Brussels, where it would have taken twelve days; but by appealing on a certain point of interest, an interview was arranged on twenty-four hours' notice. Referring to the interview at the royal residence in Belgium, Taylor wrote: "I was kindly received by all the different officials of state, and about 4:00 P. M., the time appointed, I was conducted by a servant to the royal residence of his majesty. A line of soldiers along the way leading to the reception room stood with their caps off as I passed through, and the king himself opened the door and received me. He conducted me to a seat and sat down near me and we talked for forty minutes."

Taylor's conversation with the rulers of these two nations was in the interest of developing Christian civilization and industry through his missions in their vast African territories. He seemed to be endowed with a talent to sell his proposition to both sovereigns. Referring to the Portuguese king, Taylor wrote: "He asked me so many questions about my missionary work in different countries as to afford me a good opportun-

ity of giving him a brief history of my self-supporting missions in India and in South America and in the Portuguese province of Angola."

Taylor's vision for Africa had been reduced to writing. He had it with him in pamphlet form and the officials of these European governments, especially the Belgian, imbibed his enthusiasm and devoured his theories with great relish. At Brussels the minister at court who represented the Congo State, after examining the pamphlet, asked for a bundle of them. Naturally, when Taylor returned to his African fields with the blessing of the Portuguese and Belgian kings and the approval of the chief men of the kingdoms, his stock went up with the officials on the field and it gave him and his helpers a large advantage. This was illustrative of the wisdom and commendable tact of William Taylor in all the operations of his life.

Adjusting The Salary Problem

As a bishop of the church, Taylor was entitled to a salary. For the first time in a long career it appeared to him that the sensible thing would be to accept a salary. It was needed by his family who could not then derive as much support from the sale of his books. Besides, Taylor said: "As a pioneer in this path it becomes my duty to define the status and defend the rights of

missionary bishops. I might be able to get on even in the jungles of Africa where I could make nothing from books; but a succession of missionary bishops might not be able to live and travel without salary."

His application, including these words, was referred to the Missionary Board which voted him a salary out of the missionary treasury. He was put to the embarrassment of declining this because of the fact that his work, excepting Liberia, was under the General Conference, just as was the work of tne bishops in the home field. He felt that in accepting a salary from the Mission Board instead of getting it through the regular channel, he would be subscribing to a wrong principle, if indeed it was not unethical. From this disagreement resulted an unfortunate deadlock which lasted for four years.

The salary was not accepted. Mrs. Anderson Fowler of New York, sharing Taylor's view on the subject, paid his salary regularly for those four years. At the close of the four years, as usual the General Conference sustained Taylor in his position and ordered the four years' back salary delivered to him from the episcopal fund. As Mrs. Fowler would not accept the return of the money she had thus invested, Taylor said, "I had that much more to put into my 'Africa fund' for

founding and developing missions among the wild heathen of that continent."

An editorial in the *Northern Christian Advocate* at the close of Taylor's first four years in Africa makes interesting history at this point:

"The Book Committee has set at rest the friction over missionary bishops' salary by voting that they should receive the same support as the other bishops, $3,000, and an appropriation for house rent, which, in the case of our two missionary bishops, is put at $1,000. From one standpoint this is as it should be. Bishops, should be paid as bishops. It is also possible that they ought, as in India, to have an extra allowance as compared with other missionaries, because their official station may require disproportionate expenditure of living. But so far as these two missionary bishops of the present are concerned they can live as economically as any other two men to be found in the Church, and they will certainly give away more than any body would think they ought. Make it $10,000, and neither Bishop Thoburn nor Taylor would spend or save more. They would only give more."

A writer in *Divine Life* commented upon another angle of this discussion in the Book Committee, remarking that there had been a considerable debate as to whether a missionary bishop's office was to be regarded a lower position than

that of the home bishops. The committee decided to rank them all on a level. "In Bishop Taylor's case," the writer continues, "there occurred an amusing difficulty. Why should he be allowed house rent when he sleeps out of doors? The conclusion seemingly arrived at was, that he might need something to repair and transport his illustrious bunk!"

Mrs. Anderson Fowler, who with her husband served officially on Taylor's transit and building committee, was an English lady who married an American. She seems to have inherited from her father an appreciation of William Taylor and his work. Her father was the famous British Wesleyan minister, William Arthur, who wrote "The Tongue of Fire." Arthur had stood for Taylor in every crisis. He made a notable defense of the man and his work in an ecumenical conference during the latter days of Taylor's India revival.

Toward the close of the first four years in Africa the enterprises of the industrial missionary work had become sufficiently great to warrant the building of a river steamboat. The vessel was eighty feet long. It was a fitting tribute that it should be named The Anne Taylor in honor of the graceful woman back in California who was carrying the work of Africa on her heart.

Second Stage Of Progress

When Taylor returned to America for the General Conference of 1888 a new epoch of interest began for the work of the African field. His visit produced the largest sensation that had ever been produced by any of his former home comings.

In addition to the large amount of space that was being given to his work by *The Christian Standard, The Christian Witness,* and the several conference *Advocates,* his committee made arrangement to begin a magazine devoted mainly to the African field. The title of this monthly was *The African News.* William Taylor was listed as the editor of this periodical and T. B. Welch and Son were the publishers. Dr. Welch, who was to become increasingly known as one of America's Christian philanthropists, was associate editor of the magazine, and with the assistance of his son, Dr. Charles Welch, did a noble work in legitimately exploiting the name of William Taylor. Bishop Taylor's editorials written on steamship and in jungle were given prominent position and the interest in him was capitalized for the great cause. A similar utility was found later in the magazine *Illustrated Africa.*

In the months following the 1888 General Conference, Bishop Taylor took back with him

another army of well selected missionaries, not quite so large as his first group. He also took with him extensive supplies for his industrial missionary work, and a herd of registered English roan short-horn cattle to breed in the valley of the Congo.

During this second term of the African program, Bishop Taylor's sons found opportunity to make their contribution of service in strengthening the hands of their father beyond the seas. Ross left the pastorate and covered the camp meeting and conference fields in the interest of the African missions. Henry Reed, the youngest son, took subscriptions for the *African News,* and all the family exhibited a lovely interest in the affairs of the distinguished patriarch.

Stories About William Taylor

William Taylor was a man around whom the most fabulous legends might have been developed if he had lived in ancient times. If it were legitimate to call one a superman who could outstrip his fellow beings in his ability to think and feel and put forth exertion, Taylor would have claimed a place in that list by the frank verdict of his contemporaries. Many interesting stories have grown out of his life. Perhaps the larger crop of stories had their rise during the twelve years that he was Bishop of Africa.

Taylor's stone pillow has furnished widespread diversion. Early in his African episcopate he acquired the view that the use of a stone pillow served to make him immune from African fever and also contributed to making him more hardy. He would sometimes use a book for a pillow, but he preferred the small slab of polished stone. More than once during his American travels his friends deprived him of his stone pillow, providing another in its stead, that they might have the souvenir.

His incredibly long journeys afoot got him the name of the prophet of the long road and the giant with seven league boots. Answering a question of a friend toward the close of his ministry, Bishop Taylor said, "I several times walked from Angola to Liberia, about 3,000 miles."

Taylor was back in America in 1890 visiting camp meetings in Oregon. At one of the camps where he was scheduled, the entertainment committee directed him to a tent which was to be his. Across the front of the tent in large letters was written, *Bishop Taylor*. He looked at it and said, "That is the first episcopal residence I ever had." Some one at that camp meeting remarked, "Bishop Taylor, you will die down there in Africa some of these days and then there will be no one even to put a headstone over your grave. The bishop replied, "O, I carry my headstone with me."

The story about the rats stealing Bishop Taylor's teeth has come out in many forms. In the volume of the *African News* for 1889 we have this over his signature addressed from the Gulf of Guinea, May 1, 1889:

"Last night, as usual, I laid my teeth in a safe place, on my washstand, but this morning, the last day of my 68th year, I find myself minus my lower set of teeth. I got the steward in his sweeping and rubbing around, to look for my lost teeth but they can't be found. The conclusion is that a German rat, one among the many we have aboard, having a decided taste for dentistry, carried my teeth away without my consent, to his hole. It is too bad. I have this remaining comfort: his ratship, or any other rat on this ship, will find more than a match in my porcelain set, which are too clean for the taste, and too hard for the teeth of rats. P. S.—After suffering the great loss of my teeth for a week, I found them in a place which fully confirmed my suspicion in regard to the thievish rat."

Rev. Charles Owens of California, who was with Bishop Taylor in Africa, writes: "I kept a diary of doings in that Dark Land, and have on record many amusing incidents. While sitting in palaver with natives he put his hand to his mouth, drew out the upper plate; the natives, frightened, pushed back and yielded. A woman

whose mother had died many years ago, cried, 'Oh, mother come, I have seen everything.' In the same palaver, he took off his wig and held it out at arm's length. The natives said white man can take himself apart, then asked that I do the same, but of course I was not built that way. (Will say in passing, having been privileged to attend school in Paris some years, I was interpreter for the Bishop at the time he bought the wig in the city of Havre, for which he paid $16 or 80 francs.)"

The same minister adds this in his reminiscence: "I have a half of a double blanket (red), he having cut his blanket in two, giving me half to cover myself with. The blanket was given him by a chief on the Congo, in return for some gift of the bishop to him."

On one of Bishop Taylor's visits to America during this period some one stole his suitcase in the Union Station at Pittsburgh. On explaining his loss to a friend he said: "I was used to being among honest heathen and did not take precaution."

From the stories of Taylor's earlier life, Bishop C. H. Fowler preserves an incident to which Taylor makes only a bare reference in his last book. It was an event when, as they were leaving San Francisco at the close of his seven

years ministry, Taylor leaped from the deck of a steamer into the San Francisco harbor to rescue his little boy who had fallen overboard. Fowler incorporates this as an illustration in his sermon on the "Incarnation." He presents it as follows:

"William Taylor's little boy falls overboard into the channel of the Golden Gate. The tide is rushing out; the storm is trampling the sea in rage; whitecaps flit and run like ghosts dancing on the crests of the deep. The father does not wait to count the chances for escape. There he goes from the rocking deck into the boiling sea. He cuts the air like a bird and the sea like a fish. No matter if the tide is making back into the deep; no matter if there is a gale driving everything before it; no matter if the chances seem all against escape. That is his son and he will die without him and so he goes to him for his rescue. He said that the moment he held that boy above the water was the happiest and proudest moment of his life."

Rescue And History Of Little Diana

One of the impressive true stories of Bishop Taylor was his interest in little Diana, a negro waif of Liberia who with her mother had been rescued from a terrible fate, through the efforts of Miss Elizabeth McNeil, a missionary. Bishop

Taylor brought the little child to America, giving her Miss McNeil's name for a surname. He proposed to prove by this child from the rawest heathenism his adage that there are no heathen babies. Bishop Taylor toured the country for a year, presenting Diana as a specimen of the people for whom he was making an appeal, then returned her to the mission school in Liberia till she was seven years old. She was brought back to Pennsylvania for two years of schooling, then returned with her foster mother, Miss McNeil (Mrs. Buchwalter), to Inhambane, East Africa. She was kept there for three years and returned to Pennsylvania where she finished her eighth grade. After this she spent a while in Amanda Smith's orphanage for negro children in Illinois, moving next to California where she finished high school at the age of fifteen. She there received a powerful religious experience.

Remaining in California, she took her bachelor's and master's degree in the University of Southern California. Diana, coming from raw heathenism, proved to have better brain power than the average descendant of higher civilization; a rather disturbing caveat for the doctrine of evolution. She then took two years' training at the Chicago Bible Training School, and was sent back to Liberia to teach. After three years of teaching in West Africa she returned to the

United States because of ill health and served in this country as a teacher in colored colleges. She returned again to Liberia in 1920, but poor health brought her once more to America, for a surgical operation. In 1921 she married a colored minister by the name of C. H. Pierson, and they were sent out to Africa from Gammon Theological Seminary in 1925 by the Board of Foreign Missions.

The Story Of My Life

William Taylor spent the spring and summer of 1895 in the United States assisting his publishers in compiling a volume entitled "Story of My Life," which was a library within itself. It included revisions and cuttings from his books "California Life Illustrated", "Seven Years of Street Preaching in California," Christian Adventures in South Africa", and "Four Years Campaign in India," with cuttings from "Our South American Cousins." The period between his California ministry and the South African campaign was filled in from his private journals, and his interesting magazine correspondence of the seven years preceding was compiled to cover the initial stages of his life story.

The first part of his life story began to appear in the *African News* for 1889, in a depart-

ment for "Children and Youth," entitled "Brief Story of My Life."

This eclectic volume was edited by Taylor's friend, John Clark Ridpath, the famous historian, and highly illustrated with about a hundred and forty drawings by Frank Beard. The first edition of seven hundred and fifty large pages was published in the winter before Taylor was superannuated. It reached a large sale as a subscription book and he brought out a second edition of seven hundred and seventy pages following the General Conference of 1896 at which he was placed on the retired list. This latter edition gave his reaction to the decision of the General Conference and other interesting down to date matter. The size and cost of the book made it not quite practical for permanent circulation. Its miscellaneous character makes it unsatisfactory as a reference work and consequently its publishers, the Methodist Book Concern, allowed it to go out of print.

While thousands of people believe that there is scarcely a single nineteenth century leader whose life story is more needed to complete history and inspire the hearts of men, yet no complete biography of Taylor has appeared prior to this. Extensive research on Taylor's life has been made by a veteran minister, Dr. W. S. Matthew, who has been very courteous in his cooperation with the writer of this volume. It is hoped that

Dr. Matthew's volume, with rare interpretations of William Taylor, may yet be given to the public.

Laying Down His Portfolio

In the winter of 1895-96 Taylor returned, via London, to Liberia, holding the Liberia Conference the latter part of January, his last official duty. He reacted beautifully to his superannuation, though it came to him as a distinct surprise. The verdict had fallen upon two of his colleagues, Bishops Bowman and Foster, early in the Conference. It was quite late in the session before the episcopal committee mustered courage to deliver their verdict that a successor for Taylor must be elected to assume the active leadership in Africa. No doubt the hesitancy grew out of the consciousness that there was no man available who was endowed with the qualification to maintain the pace which Taylor had set and vigorously push the program of self supporting industrial missions.

In life's evening Taylor's strength would fluctuate. At certain times he would show his former vigor in thought and preaching and work. Other days he would appear feeble. It was on one of those feeble days that he delivered his quadrennial report to the General Conference. Describing this feebleness, Dr. W. S. Matthew wrote in an article for the Advocates: "As he read his report and dropped the pages from his listless

hand to the platform, his voice was not heard beyond the fifth row of the delegates, who leaned forward and strained their ears to catch his slightest whisper. What a contrast between this broken and unsteady frame and the stalwart giant who reported from the heart of Africa to the General Conference which met in Omaha four years before!"

Several manifestations of renewed strength proved, however, that Taylor's appearance of weakness when he made his report did not signify the final depletion. There was magic in his words even in that hour of weakness. Several witnesses of the address have informed us of the profound impression it made on those who heard him and even upon those present who could not hear him. Some of his pungent words would fasten themselves in quotable form upon the memory of his audience. It will be of interest to preserve some quotations from that last address, and we have selected the following:

"Hosts of miners are delving for Africa's gold and diamonds. These diggers are not American Methodists. Traders and merchants begin to throng the marts of African commerce; but these are not American Methodists. Scientists in great variety are on the tramp; but they are not seeking to save souls. Hunters thread the forests of Africa,

but are not hunting for souls. Nations are trying to preempt a country that Noah gave to his grandson long ago; but the Americans, including their churches, have land enough of their own, and have no hand in the African grab. But here stands America with her broad acres, countless industries, deathless energy, with her churches and benevolent institutions! Can it be that God has left her out of his providential program for redeeming Africa? The greatest need of Africa is Gospel salvation requiring at the front a larger aggregate of men and money than all other demands combined. We appreciate what has been done for Africa by the churches with their missionary societies, but it bears no comparison to the magnitude of the work to be done and God's available resources for its accomplishment.

"A little over eleven years ago I led my pioneer party of missionaries for Africa to Angola, south of the Congo. The English language was not available at all, the Kimbundu had not been reduced to manuscript, much less to printing, and we had no interpreters; so we had to sit down by the naked heathen and patiently pick the words one by one from their mouths, and write them down according to their sound as best we could. In less than five years from that time we printed a Kimbundu grammar and the gospel by St. John, and our pioneers had learned to talk and preach

in the native language. That was slow business, but if we had had command of money and men adequate we could by this time have established a thousand stations, and had them well on toward self-support."

Taylor And Hartzell

The spirit of courtesy and high regard between William Taylor and Bishop Joseph C. Hartzell, his successor, was very impressive. In his last book, "The Flaming Torch in Darkest Africa," Bishop Taylor devotes a chapter to Bishop Hartzell under the title, "The Torch in a Strong Hand." In this chapter he says: "I accepted the action of the General Conference as from God, and as I arose and grasped the hand of my successor, my soul went out in a prayer for the brave heart and broad shoulders upon which had fallen a mantle of toil and sacrifice such as only God himself would ever know in carrying on the great work now committed unto him; a prayer oft expressed since in my public and private petitions."

Bishop Hartzell was duly enthusiastic about the work of his predecessor. His investigations verified the belief that the extent and value of Taylor's work in Africa had been in excess of what the public realized. He said: "One of the many times when Bishop Taylor during his

long and eventful career was led by the Holy Spirit was when in March, 1885, he landed with a party of forty missionaries and entered upon the heroic movement of inaugurating a line of stations far in the interior of Portuguese, West Africa."

There are prominent people among the elderly leaders at the time this biography is written who believe that the policies of the Missionary Board in following up Taylor's work in Africa were defective and that the church has not produced as large values for Africa as might have been produced by following more wisely and vigorously the lines that were laid out by the pioneer founder. This is for each individual student of the subject to decide for himself. Certainly it was necessary for the Missionary Board to take the work under its direct supervision when Bishop Hartzell was elected; and whatever may be the losses through failure to function at certain centers, and whatever might have been under the administration of a second William Taylor, we have to admit that the administrators of missionary work in Africa have wrought well. A grand spiritual work is going forward today under Taylor's successors, looking to the redemption of Africa.

All missionary property outside of Liberia had been deeded to William Taylor to be held in

trust and conveyed to his living successor. He had held and controlled the material assets of the vast enterprise somewhat as John Wesley held and controlled the property of Wesleyan Methodism until he organized the Legal Hundred and relinquished his trust to their custody. Taylor promptly transferred all his claims in due legal form to Bishop Hartzell, to be correlated under the management of the Board of Missions.

In life's evening there is a tendency for one to take a trail that bends back toward some shining spot where he got his start. William Taylor had received his rebirth as a missionary to all races during his sojourn in South Africa thirty years before, when under his first successful sermon through an interpreter a multitude were converted. That part of Africa, occupied by the British Wesleyans, had not been in his line of travel as a Methodist Bishop. There was a call for him to return, and a longing in his heart once more to behold God's glory where he first saw it in the conversion of the heathen. With a renewed sense of freedom as he laid down his official burdens, he left the General Conference in a shouting mood, thrilled with the presentiments of one more grand revival with which his ministry was to be blessed before the evening tryst. To some one who said, "And are you going to lie on the shelf?",

he answered with one of his laconic pleasantries: "I am not a candidate for the shelf. I am accustomed to sleep in the open sparkling of the stars, and respond to the bugle blast of early morn."

PART XI.

THE EVENING HALO

The majority of the members of the 1896 General Conference, which voted to retire William Taylor, would not have been able to attend the session if they had gone through what he experienced in the weeks preceding that Conference. In addition to extensive labors and many thousands of miles of travel he had been the victim of an attack by thugs while passing through Belgium. His occasion for the visit to Belgium was probably related to the prevailing interest at the court of King Leopold in the way William Taylor was teaching resourcefulness and practical godliness to the African natives.

The Tragedy In Belgium

No one supposes that there was any essential connection between Taylor's call at the Belgian court and the tragedy to which we refer. The regrettable incident is veiled in mystery. Even Taylor himself, being struck from behind with a

blunt instrument and rendered unconscious, was never able to account for the motive. He thought that the attacking parties mistook him for some other person whom they wished to destroy, possibly for political reasons. The close of the 19th century marked the rise of international parties and political philosophies which down to the present have been the occasion of many events of violence. We are left, therefore, to surmise many feasible interpretations of the mystery. In it all there is an unspeakable pathos and tragedy when we consider the long roads Taylor had traveled, the dangers he had surmounted, his marvelous feats of service to mankind and the utter unselfishness with which he had laid down his life for his fellow beings.

At the General Conference in Omaha, less than four years previous, observers referred to him as a robust giant. His vigor was remarkable. We think it would not have been much less at Cleveland in 1896 if all had gone well. He was not exempt from occasional infections.

At the close of his first four years in Africa he came home with a distressing cold and cough which clung to him for weeks after he returned to his field, but he overcame it with his courage and hygienic precautions under the blessing of God. We say under the blessing of God, bearing in mind that Taylor never expected the Lord to

work a miracle for him in the ordinary affairs of his life and ministry. He believed in the power of God, but felt that due place should be given to the operation of natural law.

William Taylor had seldom miscalculated his own strength. It proved all through life that he had his own measure, that he knew what he could do; and he usually did it. The files of his magazine indicate repeatedly his intuition that he would be able to function in Africa at the minimum till he was seventy nine and at the maximum till he was eighty nine years old. The reader of this volume will pardon the simple belief of its author that William Taylor had correctly estimated his strength and would probably have rendered the service he measured off in his faith had it not been for this interruption of evil forces.

A problem that no one has ever explained is the fact that there are evil agencies Satanic or human which have the freedom to frustrate the plan of God. Both in the lives of Biblical saints and national heroes we have occasion to ask why might it not have been otherwise. The student of Taylor's life shrinks from the necessity of recognizing the Belgium tragedy, but it does not appear that this brought about his superannuation from four to eight years sooner than it would have come.

Measured For The Last Engagement

It remains, however, that the measure of William Taylor's strength was greater than his friends had estimated in May, 1896. He did not realize that he appeared so weak as he moved among them; and, though very graceful in accepting their judgment, he recorded afterward: "My superannuation by the action of our late General Conference was a greater surprise to me than would have been the summons of death; but whatever the intermediate agency involved, I accepted the result as from God."

Mrs. Taylor came from California to Cleveland to meet her husband on the occasion of this General Conference. There had been bereavement in the home of one of their sons and she hoped he could return with her and console them with a visit. After the action of the General Conference he and his wife made an estimate of his strength and the remaining time he would have to serve the Master, and they decided that he had better make his projected visit to South Africa and finish his work before going home. He said: "One of the way marks of my providential path to South Africa, was that, without hesitation or complaint, she would concur in it and return home alone." Mrs. Taylor with their son Ross made the journey with him to New York and witnessed him safely aboard the steamship Wilcannia, securing a photo-

graph of him standing in a group on the deck of the ship.

The labor of his final evangelistic campaign totalled about eighteen months on the field. It resulted in the salvation of a large number of souls and the Christian people in the fields he visited were greatly edified. It would be a conception entirely false to suppose that his final efforts failed through senility. There were events when the mighty evangelizing tide under his ministry resembled the greatest success of his labors in that region more than thirty years before.

In a Sabbath day's work among the natives of Queenstown, the chapel with a capacity of six hundred failed to accommodate the audience, and he had over a hundred penitents kneeling on the grass in an open air service. Scores of people were saved that day. He records: "It was a day of marvelous gospel success; in fact, I do not recall any greater in my lifetime."

Eye Witnesses of His Closing Campaign

The author has been furnished with disinterested, direct testimony from the South African field, indicating the forcefulness of Taylor's last ministry, and referring to his physical vigor. Reverend Robert Shemeld writes us that he and his wife entertained Bishop Taylor at Pretoria in the Transvaal, August, 1896. On one of his heavy

Sabbath days of preaching they planned for him an afternoon of rest. Mr. Shemeld says: "Thinking our seventy-five year old guest would be weary after the morning service, we advised him to rest on the lounge until the afternoon meeting; then instructing our ten year old son to remove his shoes, we retired to our room so as to let the bishop have quietude; but shortly afterward our boy came bouncing into our room in high glee, exclaiming, 'You thought you put the bishop to bed, but I heard him go quietly out, and now he is walking up and down the streets.' The kind hearted man knew of the custom of taking after dinner sleep and perhaps thought such was our custom, but it was not."

In Taylor's last volume, Rev. T. R. Curnick speaks of Taylor's "forceful words" in recording the ministry in his field during this final campaign:

"Although we had been eagerly anticipating Bishop Taylor's recent visit, and hoping that he would eventually reach the Transki, his arrival was so sudden we were not able to make known his presence as generally as we would have desired. However, there was nothing to disappoint in the huge congregation that assembled in the Ayliff Memorial Church the second Sunday in May (1897). How different was the size and character of the present audience from the

one to which Rev. W. Taylor preached on the banks of the Cegcuana River thirty-one years ago! A more attentive and appreciative congregation he could not desire, for the people hung upon the forceful words that came from the bishop through the interpreter; and 'tis no wonder that the power which seems to be, as ever, an accompanying element in the bishop's service bowed the hearts of many and brought them to the altar as seekers for peace, pardon, purity, and power. Nor is it strange that this should have been the case during the four following daily services, and that at the last the feeling should have been so intense and the influence so impressive that the vast crowd seemed reluctant to stir from the mercy seat, but continued in prayer and praise for some considerable time. A sense of awe and solemnity filled the hearts of all in the building."

Mr. Curnick describes at length other striking events under the ministry of Taylor in May, 1897, where at Fort Malan they adjourned to a sheltered nook in the forest because the church would not hold the audience, and the power of the Spirit was mightily manifest in the conversion of fourteen young men.

The New Lease Of Joy

William Taylor arrived at Cape Town in August, 1896. His soul was full of poetry in the joy

of his expected campaign. The burdens of his African episcopate being lifted from his shoulders, he had enjoyed a mental rest. The long journey at sea had served to renew the physical man. He expressed his feelings in the following words:

"Just as the good ship Wilcannia cast anchor in beautiful Table Bay, and I saw once more the silvery-leaved sides and level crest of Table Mountain spread with the cloth of snowy clouds glistening in the sunlight, glad shouts of welcome rang out from loving voices. Thirty-one years had passed since I voyaged here from Australia, and there were still those who remembered with gladness the great spiritual victories that attended that visit. And truly those were marvelous times, days of pentecostal power when the Spirit of God was poured out upon the people and shook the centers of heathenism."

Strong appeals had come from Johannesburg convincing the missionaries at Cape Town that the service of Taylor was needed immediately in the mining districts. He was led to forego the opportunity to preach at the Cape, and moved out immediately upon his thousand mile journey by train to this evangelistic field in the Transvaal. They had thought he could confine his work for some time to the English speaking people, but he was overrun with the demand of the natives a-

mong whom there was a peculiar charm in his name.

Providence seems to have had all ready for him a delightful interpreter named Mdolomba who was one of Taylor's converts in the revival nearly a third of a century earlier. Mdolomba was then a powerful preacher with a patriarchal mien as if he had patterned somewhat after his spiritual father.

Due perhaps to an impaired physical condition from which there seemed no hope of entire recovery, Taylor acquired a chronic hoarseness. Despite his continued vigor this often prevented his reaching large English speaking audiences. It was no handicap to his preaching through a Mdolomba. Taylor furnished the lightning and his faithful interpreter furnished the thunder. As there was charm in his name, there was power in his thoughts, and his personal appearance was exceedingly impressive.

Notable Events

There had been no scenes under Taylor's ministry more miraculously wonderful in an evangelistic way than some that took place in fifteen native circuits that he traversed, including Lesleyton, Khamastone, Queenstown and Butterworth.

An illustration of how the gospel lightning

struck is shown in the conversion of a devil doctor in an open air meeting at Queenstown. The devil doctor was a strong personality who had long deluded the heathen people by his artful practices. As he lingered on the edge of the large audience, the truth as put through Taylor's interpreter struck his heart and he rushed forward and cast himself upon the ground among the seekers. He had a penitential struggle that reminded one of the demon possessed man of Gadara. He dropped the implements of his evil priesthood and became an earnest Christian. The interpreter gave Taylor the substance of this devil worshiper's account of how God convicted him and dealt with his soul:

"For years he had felt that he was under the demoniacal power and was wholly given up to obey its behests. As he sat upon the ground in the audience for the first time he had a view of his inner self, and saw there a serpent coiled up as if asleep. As the preaching proceeded the serpent gradually uncoiled and thrust forth its ugly head as if for combat. When almost overcome the devil doctor had a vision of an approaching pillar of light, and when it drew near he saw the form of the Son of God, to whom he cried for help. As the hand of the Redeemer was stretched forth to save, the serpent was cast out, and his heart was filled with light and peace."

A private communication gives us the account of William Taylor's call on the president, "Oom Paul." The visit was arranged by Rev. H. Bosman. "In the course of the conversation the President inquired whether the Bishop enjoyed good health, and received the information that in general his health had been good, but when fifty five years old he had an attack of measles. The President laughed as heartily as we did at the revelation of an up to date American putting off such a trifling matter for so many years." Taylor presented to the President a copy of his autobiography, Story of My Life.

The Last Great Enduement

About the close of the year 1897, William Taylor had the assurance that his ministry in Africa was finished. He wrote: "The providential leadings under which I went to South Africa were to my mind unmistakable, and equally clear were those that indicated the time of my return." In his last week of work in a wild but populous mountain region, he preached nine times in four days with the result that eighty natives were converted and forty were seeking when he left. Under the last sermon he preached, in another heathen community, there were seventy-eight seekers on their faces, nearly forty of whom found salvation. After that service he remarked, this is

"a probable finish of my unbroken term of fifty-five years of itinerate ministry. Glory to God!" In reflecting upon the marvelous things which the heavenly Father had wrought in blessings under this fifty-five years of ministry he humbly remarked: "I expect to be admitted from the kingdom of grace to the kingdom of glory on the same conditions as the crucified thief, and in God's own time."

The Christmas carols had been sung, the new year's bells were ringing in Loanda when William Taylor, more depleted in strength than he had suspected, took ship for Liverpool.

The First Deep Valley

It was approaching mid summer in the southern hemisphere, and our traveler was to plunge into the heart of winter in England. With the strain of eighteen months of incessant labor, reaping a heavy harvest, with the oppressive heat of the season and the strange excitement from the consciousness for the first time that he had resigned his commission, is it any wonder that Taylor should fail for once to resist the attack of disease germs? With the exception of the time that the measles sent him to bed, which had been the occasion for many pleasantries, no indisposition had ever taken Taylor off his feet or stopped him from his work. He had occasionally suffered from

infirmities, but his will and his stamina kept him going. On board the ship to Liverpool he was taken sick; seriously, desperately sick. It must have seemed peculiar to be unable to help himself. Such a new and terrible experience.

There was not much help aboard the ship, not much provision for scientific care of the sick. Every fellow had his own affairs with which to be concerned, and Taylor was left to himself to die, until discovered by another clerical passenger, a Roman Catholic priest. This good man laid everything else aside and undertook with faithful Christian devotion to supply the needs of William Taylor and keep him alive till he could reach Liverpool. He recovered his strength and made it over to New York in the early spring of 1898 and journeyed thence to California for a much needed rest.

The Flaming Torch

But Taylor's work was not exactly done. Strange to say, he had not abandoned the literary field. He had been at work on one of the most vigorous volumes of all his publications, "The Flaming Torch in Darkest Africa." Copy for this was being furnished his publisher, The Methodist Book Concern in New York, and it was to come from the press in that year of 1898.

Much of this volume of nearly seven hun-

dred pages was compiled, though a large fraction of it is new composition, fresh and racy, from the pen of William Taylor himself, including a brief account of his last evangelistic campaign in Africa.

The material selected is classical and comprehensive. Though now a little out of date in its references to the dark continent, it was at the opening of the twentieth century one of the best volumes available for a study of the African world. It is profusely illustrated, and the illustrations indicate that Taylor or some one associated with him was quite handy in the use of the camera during his last African campaign in which some of his friends felt that he would be so feeble. The Flaming Torch in Darkest Africa carries a full introduction over the autograph of Henry M. Stanley, who was Taylor's good friend. It appears to have been written while Taylor waited, convalescing from his sickness, on the final visit to London. Stanley noted that Taylor "spoke of Africa's future in prophetic vein." In the preface to this book, harmonizing with Stanley's remark, Taylor had written:

"The work has but begun, and it will doubtless go on until one day Africa may lead the world in learning and culture and be a continent covered with virtuous peoples, loving and fearing the Lord who has permitted their painful afflic-

tions and mercifully redeemed them."

Stanley refers to Taylor as "this Grand Old Man of Africa mission work who was indeed a flaming torch of light and truth to many, many years ago when first he began his self sacrificing life work among the native people, preaching with great clearness and eloquence, until he touched the hearts and awakened the souls which seemed dead to all but debauchery and savage instincts."

As Stanley saw Taylor just after this fearful sickness, the hoarseness that weakened his voice was still clinging to him. In the introduction to the book, Stanley concludes: "Although he is now bent with years and his voice grown weak, his brain is still full of burning thoughts, and his eye is eloquent as of yore; and I can again picture him standing beside Usquebaugh, the interpreter, surrounded by hundreds of the poor savages, as he whispers the words of truth to be translated and given forth to the willing ears of his congregation."

Visiting Relatives

Our data indicates that the year 1899 was the end of William Taylor's eastern travels. He felt it his duty to visit on a large circuit north and south. He visited a brother near Griffin, Georgia, about the close of March, 1899. A Griffin minister, Dr. George Mathews, learning of

the presence of the famous missionary, urged him to come into the city and speak to the ministers. Dr. Mathews entertained the readers of the *Wesleyan Christian Advocate,* Atlanta, in their issue of April 26, 1899, with an extensive article giving a characteristic word picture of the retired bishop. "The little farm home of the bishop's brother," said Dr. Mathews in a conversation with the author, "was exceedingly simple. When I walked to it through a stretch of field and knocked at the door, I heard heavy footfalls of someone coming to meet me. It was Bishop Taylor. His heart was so large and warm, his reception so cordial and tender that I could not get away till after a five hours' visit." Taylor told Mathews that at the present his chief task was "trying to learn to do nothing." That he had "seen a good deal of the world that he didn't go to see." "Of Bishop Hartzell, his successor in office, he spoke," said Mathews, "in terms of warm, brotherly esteem, although his work was 'on the other side of the question,' and he thought some of the stations, once with a good prospect of self support, had been abandoned." In response to Dr. Mathews' request that Taylor come in and address the preachers of Griffin, came the reply as the bishop held up his trembling right hand: "When I finished my latest book, The Flaming Torch in Darkest Africa, this hand began immed-

iately to tremble and I had an intimation that my work was done. I shall go from here to Virginia to see my other brother. I shall go from there to New York to see my son. I shall go from there to California, and then I shall go from there to heaven."

The California Setting

Men of every class and persuasion in California have appreciated the afterglow of the life of "California Taylor." There is a growing recognition of the fact that the history of the State cannot be intelligently studied while leaving him out. He comes to his own especially in the mind of those who would dramatize the making of America's western commonwealth. In the years that this biography was being written, John McGroarty, a Catholic, wrote a series of Mission Plays, which are produced at the Mission of San Gabriel, near Los Angeles, in a new and costly building erected solely for that purpose. These have been produced regularly and witnessed by thousands of people annually. In his third of the series, El Dorado, portraying early American occupation of California, William Taylor has been selected as the chief actor.

One of the luxuries which may compensate a faithful and fortunate man in life's evening is the privilege of meditating in the twilight. The

sun is already gone down, so far as it symbolizes his part in life's toil. An auburn cloud west of the meridian catches the gold of its rays and sifts it back to the beach where he sits amid the zephyrs. Faith leaves the result of life's investment with God. He reigns. He has his plans. He cannot be defeated. The foes of righteousness and champions of error may delay the operation of his will, they cannot defeat it. This was Taylor's faith and hope. He was confident that God was able to finish what he had begun, and that no misguided agency could finally withstand the decree that the kingdoms of this world should be our Lord's.

If we wrote the whole story of 1900 and 1901 it would be tender fellowship with Anne and the boys and their children, efforts to overcome the entailed restlessness that must follow the cessation of unsurpassed activities, strolls amid shrubbery and streets in Southern California, followed by children. When the author asked Edward K. Taylor for some recollections of those days, one of the first things occurring for him to say was: "It was a pleasing memory to recall that when Father took his daily walks at Palo Alto a flock of children accompanied him. The affection was mutual."

So long accustomed to the tropics, even the mild climate of his beloved San Francisco re-

gion felt uncomfortable to Taylor. His people arranged for him to board with the family of his son Ross, who were residing at Palo Alto to send their boys to the University. They were prepared to furnish him the comforts of a new and commodious home. The tender care of his daughter-in-law is a worthy tribute for her.

In his memorial address on William Taylor at the General Conference of 1904, Dr. W. S. Matthew pictures an impressive event which punctuated the quiet days of waiting:

Crossing The Bar

"On a beautiful September day in 1901 Bishop McCabe and a few friends dropped off the train in Palo Alto to see the old war eagle once more before he would take his last flight. His trusty Japanese attendant arrayed him in his best, and helped to carry him out upon the lawn, where in an easy chair under the live oaks he was photographed for the joy of his friends. Then the weeping chaplain said to the old chieftain, 'Do you want us to sing to you?' 'Yes,' said he of the flowing gray beard and heart of fire; then as the music rose with the evening breeze his deep-set eyes flamed again, tears streamed down his face, his lips parted, and he tried to join in the song; but his voice was only a whisper, which no doubt the angels heard, but we

of dull ears could not distinguish his words. They told us then that he was living mostly in the society of 'the innumerable company,' and sometimes held with them sweet converse."

Only seven more months of history was then to be made. It was to be made in weakness, but not in pain, nor in utter helplessness. While the family provided a good man to serve him through those final months of feebleness, it is rather a pleasure to record that he was confined to his bed for only five days prior to his translation. He was subject at the last, in a few instances, to temporary illusions, but even in these experiences his incisive mental processes were still normal.

From young manhood William Taylor had enjoyed a communion with the Almighty which seemed to remain unbroken through the years. On reflection, we are bound to recognize this as a rare distinction. The consciousness of the unseen eternal world increased as he approached its threshold. It sometimes appeared that he came near penetrating the veil in advance of his demise. On one occasion he appeared to go away and return, reporting to his daughter that he had actually seen a list of the worthies of former years in the city of God. He named several, who had figured as leaders in the movements of higher

Beside the Tomb of William Taylor, at Oakland, California, is seen Bishop William F. Oldham, then Bishop of South America. This was taken in 1923. Bishop Oldham and Mrs. Oldham are William Taylor's spiritual children, converted during his four years in India.

spiritual evangelism during the eighteenth and nineteenth century.

Eventually, suncrowned and beaming, at 4:30 p.m., Pacific time, May 18, 1902, his earthly tabernacle rested. As quietly as he ever crept away from camp in the early morn to begin a journey without disturbing his comrades, his big, spotless soul slipped away from the watchers that surrounded his couch and joined the immortals.

PART XII.

QUEEN ANNE

California was her adopted state, on which she set her love. It was at Mrs. Anne Taylor's word, after prayer, that the family swapped Baltimore for San Francisco. She sailed over sixteen thousand miles of sea, beginning her journey under circumstances in which courage would have failed most women. Her darling Oceana was born at sea in the regions of Cape Horn; and, brightening her western home awhile, was buried in California soil. She experienced the hardships of pioneer life, being in San Francisco when the census of its female population was easily taken. Only ten. Around her queenly character was an atmosphere by which the higher social life of California was begun. If there are women who meet embarrassment wherever they go, there are some who would stimulate awe and inspire respect in the environment of society's darkest night. Anne Taylor was conspicuously typical of the latter class.

Her comeliness was adorned with sobriety. Her religion was panoplied with courage. If she showed the traits of a mystic when she prayed about moving to San Francisco and when she followed the gleam on her voyage to Australia, she had not the first mark of fanaticism. Fanatics steered clear of her. They thought perhaps she did not talk and shout enough to be a saint. Distant observers took her to be a stoic, as year in and year out she handled the affairs of the Taylor home single handed without murmuring, while her hero, in the trenches, opposed the powers of darkness.

An Intelligent Partnership

A fiction went abroad that Anne Taylor did not have a mind of her own. That she was a victim, silently and grimly submitting to arrangements which were disagreeable. If there is anything in the Taylor records that we have settled above other questions it is that the prodigious program of William Taylor's entire life was the result of two minds, operating in the most admirable unison, always alert to the order of providence and obedient to the call of God; a call which, when heard by one, was, without much delay, heard by the other.

If the marriage formula had made William Taylor say, "Wilt thou love, honor and *obey* her

so long as you both shall live?" he could not have fulfilled it more perfectly. No code of ethics requires a man to ask his wife's advice in every fundamental move, or submit his more important decisions for her review. There are unions where the man would be foolish to do it, because of the wife's unstable judgment or lack of learning and ability to clear the higher problems of her husband's career. William Taylor believed it his duty to let his wife review all his more important decisions, especially where these decisions deprived her of her husband's presence. Indeed, when they were together she was his most trusted counsellor. There was reason for it. Her natural ability was supplemented by a good education. She was her husband's tutor in some branches of study in their earlier days. She had a definite individuality, was capable of forming views, was disposed to think for herself, and the test of results proved that she was usually right. It is not far from accurate when we say that Anne Taylor sent William to Australia, to India, to South America, to intermittent exiles for twelve years in Africa, and, at last, in the evening halo, to swing his scythe amid the golden sheaves of South Africa as the shadows were lengthening.

She administered her home with commendable skill. Amid circumstances of temptation she brought up her four sons to honor their father and

obey his God. It was her vision that selected the hillside grave for her grand old partner who preceded her by three years to their heavenly home. She foresaw that people from many lands would make pilgrimages to the sacred spot, and she expressed a wish to consider their convenience.

Walking By Faith

Isabella Anne Taylor was Miss Kimberlin, of Virginia. A cultured daughter of a well to do Southern family. She reciprocated the love of the young preacher on horseback, who came to her quiet, rural home in the early forties. With consistent patience she awaited the time when he reached the stage where he would be permitted to marry without violating a covenant of the Baltimore Conference. She shared his views unequivocally upon religious and moral subjects. Regarding the career of his life she was fully committed, though each stage was veiled to her eyes, as it was to his. They made no long extending programs. It was a part of their religion to live a day at a time and, with obedient attitude, listen for the voice of providence to determine God's will for them.

Mrs. Taylor's people had slaves, and she inherited her share; but through her influence and that of her husband the slaves of the Kimberlin family went free when the heirs came of

age; and the contribution of William and Anne paid the passage of these ex-slaves to Liberia, away from the scenes of their servitude, where, in the providence of God, William was to preach to their descendants thirty-five years later.

It was Anne Taylor who first planted the beautiful and useful Eucalyptus tree in California, seeds of which were sent to her by her husband, in Australia. This was during her second settlement in her adopted state. She had found the land before it was a state; and, as we may express it, she was one of the nurses when it was born. California was admitted to the Union in 1850. The trying events that forced her in 1856 to begin a five years sojourn in the eastern states did not wean her from the land of her adoption. Every biting New Jersey breeze made her long for the kindly zephyrs and the musical waves of the Pacific shores. When, in an Eastern state, the death angel took away her California babe, she wondered if it might not have been otherwise, if she had been at "home" with the child. Thus continued the California pull, till God called her husband (and her) to have him sound the gospel trumpet in Australia. Then it was marching time, and back to California she went, taking Stuart, Ross and Edward.

Around The World

But California minus William was not so sweet. This was the first time she had felt the emotion that came from a separation of thousands of miles, which was to increase into months and years. It was the first great crucifixion. Taylor had given a suggestion in his letters that Anne and the boys might have a trip to Australia if they desired, and see him in action. It was thought they could afford the expense of one ocean voyage. It would be a great experience. It would last several months. They would join him at Sydney where they had some friends they had known and appreciated years before in San Francisco, and they would come by and take a look at India as a part of the return program. In a few weeks sojourn in India William would hold some meetings for the English speaking people and supply a sequence to dissolve a strange presentiment which had haunted his soul in association with the thought of India.

After it had been decided in their correspondence that the Australian trip for the family was impractical, one day Anne felt an irrepressible surge. The children wanted to see their father. The baby did not remember how he looked. There was no prophesying what changes might spoil his plans to come home. A woman's surmises prob-

ably sensed the change that actually did occur. There was no time for writing. There was an opening on a slow sailing grain ship that did not specialize in carrying passengers. Passport was available. The time to act had arrived, and "we are going," said Mrs. Taylor. And they went. After long weeks of eventful sailing, with no wireless to signify their whereabouts, the surprise packages arrived in the port of Sydney, and William Taylor, busy in South Australia, received the thrilling telegram, with the impressive experiences which we have related in Part IV.

In Parts IV and V we have told the story of the remainder of Mrs. Taylor's experiences; of the change of their course, the journey to South Africa, the birth of Henry Reed at Cape Town, her long and patient wait in that city while her husband did six months of the greatest work of his life. Of their journey to London for the winter of 1866-67, of their visit to the great Paris Exposition in 1867, of their visit to Lausanne, Switzerland, of Mrs. Taylor's homesickness again and of the impressive providences which attended her return to California with the two younger children and an English nurse. This was a mammoth feat of foreign travel for those times. They had completely circled the globe, traversing the majestic angle from Good Hope to London.

When Mrs. Taylor went home from London

it was supposed that her husband would follow her in about a year, if he came by, enroute to India, and that if he went to India first his return home might follow a year's campaign in that country.

Facing Life's Program

It is one of the mercies of divine providence that we do not know all of our sorrows and trials in advance. The long absences and vast journeyings of William Taylor which followed Mrs. Taylor's final return to settle down in California were unforeseen. Each privation, as it came, was endured with the faith that the future would furnish compensation. But Mrs. Taylor did not undertake any more to keep up with her husband in his foreign travel. She stayed by the stuff and raised the boys. Stuart, the eldest son, came home from school in Europe and gave his assistance to his mother and brothers.

Mrs. Taylor had some very interesting eastern visits and journeys with her husband in the homeland, one of the most exciting of which was at the General Conference when he was elected Bishop of Africa. Answering on this occasion some prominent minister who was extending her his sympathy she said: "He never went away without my consent, or staid longer than I allowed him to stay; and if I don't complain I don't think anybody else has any right to complain."

William Taylor recorded this with pleasure, fully acknowledging the line of authority his wife professed to hold.

It is doubted if Mrs. Taylor suffered any more than Taylor in the sacrifice of their separation. As these lines are being written the author has before him an original postal card which has just been filed with Taylor University by Edward K. Taylor, to be retained as a souvenir. It is written in William Taylor's hand, addressed to his eldest son, M. Stuart Taylor, Alameda, California, under date of September 8, 1892, and shows the loyalty and longing of his heart. It follows:

> Pa. Sep. 8th 1892.
>
> My Beloved first born, and partner of my youth, long ago. I write to say, Good morning! It is good morning with me in every thing but the never ending misery of separation from wife and children. I had no ambition for foreign travel or labour. My ambition was to stay at home, but I never took a ticket to Tarshish. I hope to see you about the 3 or 4th of Oct. prox. Love to all from your loving father.
>
> W. T.

Testimony Of Others

It is in place to record a summary of much we have said, in a tribute which has been furnished for this volume by an old friend of the family, Rev. A. Wesley Mell, of San Francisco:

"Had it not been for her attitude, her love and her willingness to give William Taylor to God's work and to the world, you would have had no history of World Evangelism to write, as William Taylor would never have been what he was,—a World Ambassador. It is a story little known, but worthy in itself of a volume.

"She was a young, highly educated Southern lady. She owned and liberated slaves. She had the trials, in delicate health, of a '49 pioneer in ocean travel, and life in a rude city of gamblers and adventurers. She was, when she came to San Francisco, one of ten women among 20,000 men. She had world travels with small children to Australia, to Africa, to England and to California. She was the tutor of William Taylor in his education. She suffered long but uncomplaining, separations from her husband. She had business acumen in the purchase of property in California. She gave great care in the planting and in the wide distribution of the first Eucalyptus seed grown in California.

"It was her selection of the mountain-side burial lot and monument for William Taylor and

family, as 'Many from all nations', she said, 'will desire to visit his grave.' And how truly she spoke! She had the love and care of her children, who placed on her monument, 'Her children rise up and call her blessed.' All this, and more, make a rich mine for the historian,—a moving and thrilling story of motherly devotion, of wifely sacrifice and world service for Christ."

"Father told me," writes Edward K. Taylor to the author of this book, September 8, 1927, 'If Anne insists I will give up my work and go home.' I asked my mother, 'Why don't you insist?' She replied, 'I do not dare to, for he is in the service of our Master and I am a sacrificing silent partner in the work.' "

Consolations Of Eventide

Mrs. Taylor lived till her youngest son, Henry Reed, was thirty-nine years old. This interesting boy, born in South Africa, lived only to the age of fifty-one. He left one heir at his death, Margery Proudfoot, of Alameda, California. Mingled with a vein of pathos and poetic emotion in Henry Reed's nature was a large inheritance of that human sympathy which had made his father a shelter and refuge for suffering humanity. His father's magazine of 1889, the *African News*, which Henry Reed helped to circulate,

bore this poem from his pen, illustrative of what we have said:

"The Waif's Prayer.
By Henry Reed Taylor

"Dear God, it's cold, so cold, and here
My little brother cries with fear,
While by this box the wind blows high—
It seems an awful night to die.
But if we went to mother, where
She said she'd wait for us, up There,
It might be better after all,
For poor starved baby Paul.
Since papa lost his place by drink
There's no one cares for us, I think.
So take us to Thy Kingdom then,
And warm poor Paul and me. Amen.'
Next day, the morning papers read:
'Found by the Police, Two Children, Dead.'
'Dead in the snow,' yet the girl's sweet face
Had a smile, that was more than earthly grace;
And all the heavenly angels know
They simply passed to joy—from woe."

All of Mrs. Taylor's children died in childhood excepting Henry Reed, who died September 23, 1917; Ross, who died April 7, 1919; Morgan Stuart, who died May 2, 1919; and Edward K., who now holds the large responsibility of primacy in the Taylor family. The children of Ross

Taylor are: Stuart L. Taylor, William R. Taylor, Rossada Hittinger and Dorothy Hayes, all of California. The children of Stuart Taylor are two daughters, Ethel Chambers and Irene Post. Edward K. Taylor's only child, a little daughter, lived till the age of fifteen and went to the coronation of her grandparents in heaven.

Anne Taylor, entitled Queen Anne in this chapter, deservedly so, tarried with her children three years, after she had tucked the burial robes about her sainted husband, and then, on September 6, 1905, went forth to receive the compensation for her loneliness and toil. Her honored grave is marked on the same hillside, along with that of William Taylor, and a benign influence goes with her name.

The Gospel for the Globe

BY JOHN PAUL

Around the Cape of Good Hope
  And over India's plains,
In bustling Australia
  And dear old England's lanes
Came California's prophet
  And old Virginia's son
      To publish grace
      And bless the race
  Till myriads were won.

To fill his high commission
  He spoke as man to man;
A universal language
  Was at his full command.
Each race called him their prophet—
  The black, the brown, the white;
      Their Hearts could hear
      His message clear;
Through Taylor came their light.

All men to him were royal;
  All should be sons of God;
There were no heathen children,
  No chattels for the rod.
Sound reason had been planted
  In every heathen mind,
      And heaven's seal
      Gave his appeal
  Attest to all mankind.

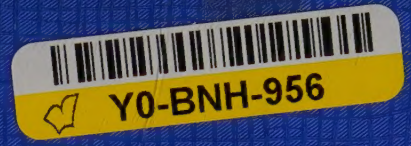
The Southern Cross beamed on him
And friendly Pleiades;
He felt the charm of every land,
The romance of the seas;
He was at home in Northlands;
The tropic vales were dear,
And God was praised
And standards raised
In countries far and near.

That was a sacred morning
When William Taylor died,
As would a great, strong warrior,
His trumpet at his side.
Ten thousand maimed and sinful
Lined up on Eden's shore
To own his worth
Who while on earth
Had sent his wealth before.

Date Due

Date Due

Biog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